



POW-WOW SMITH
INDIAN LAWMAN



NO. 165 NOV.

Detective COMICS

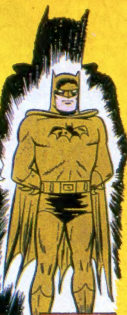
52 BIG
PAGES

In this issue:
THE STORIES BEHIND
"THE STRANGE
COSTUMES
OF BATMAN!"

Nov. 1950



CAMOUFLAGE
COSTUME
USED IN
"NORTH
POLE
CRIMES"



LUMINOUS
UNIFORM
USED AGAINST
"Professo
RADIU"



INTERPLANETARY
SUIT
WORN IN
"Crimes of
TURE"



GOLDEN
GARB
FOR
"The
MODERN
MIDAS"



ACTION! THRILLS! EXCITEMENT!

STORIES THAT TEEM WITH MOVEMENT,
MENACE AND MYSTERY!

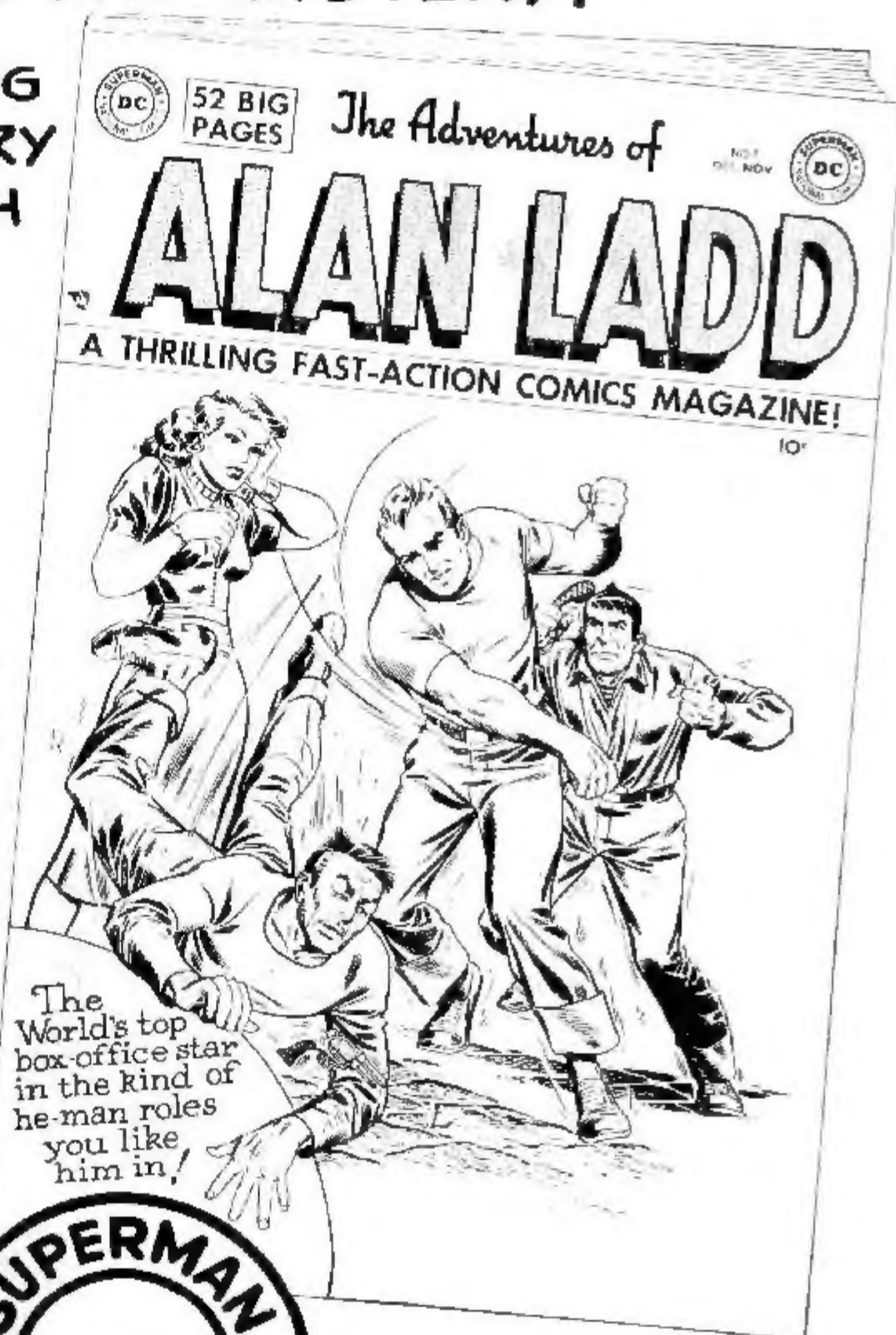
-AND, IN THE LEADING
ROLE IN EVERY STORY
IN THIS TOP-NOTCH
MAGAZINE IS THE
SCREEN'S REAL,
TWO-FISTED
HE-MAN

ALAN LADD!

-BATTLING HIS WAY
THROUGH PERILOUS
PATHS ON THE
HIGHWAY
TO ADVENTURE!

**DON'T
MISS IT!**

ANOTHER SMASH
MAGAZINE WITH
THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER!



... WHICH IS **YOUR**
GUARANTEE OF THE
BEST IN ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE!

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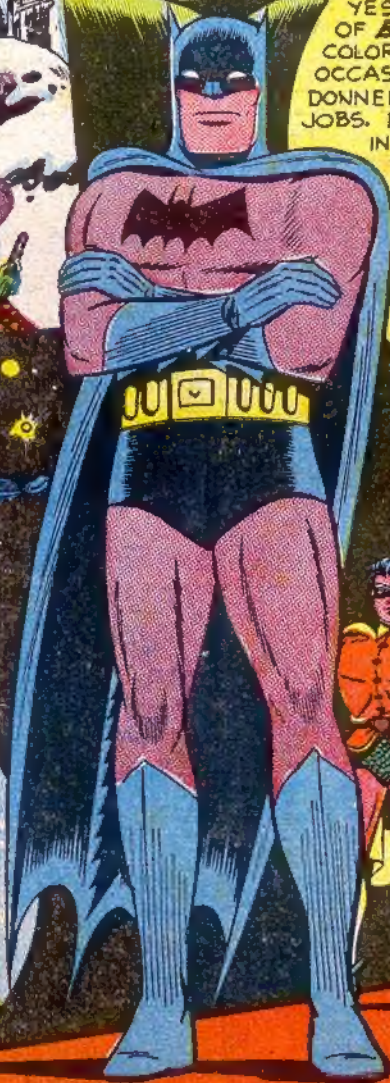
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

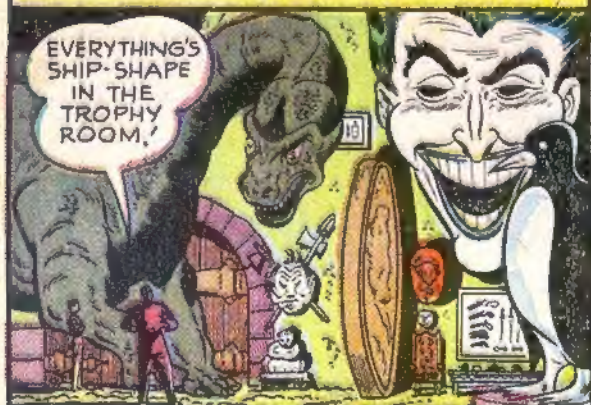
WHAT IS IT THAT
TERRORIZES CROOKS?
WHAT DO THEY DREAD MOST?
YES, IT IS THE FLASHING FIGURE
OF **BATMAN**, CLAD IN THE SHADOWY
COLORS OF BLUE AND GREY. AND, ON
OCCASION, THE FAMED FIGHTER HAS
DONNED OTHER UNIFORMS FOR SPECIFIC
JOBS. BUT NOW -- FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN THEIR CRIME-FIGHTING CAREERS --
THE DARING DUO OF **BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN** MUST REVEAL A TOP-
SECRET COSTUME, NEVER BEFORE
SEEN AS THEY BATTLE A NEW
ENEMY WHO FORCES THEM
TO USE ALMOST ALL OF --

THE **STRANGE**
COSTUMES OF
BATMAN!

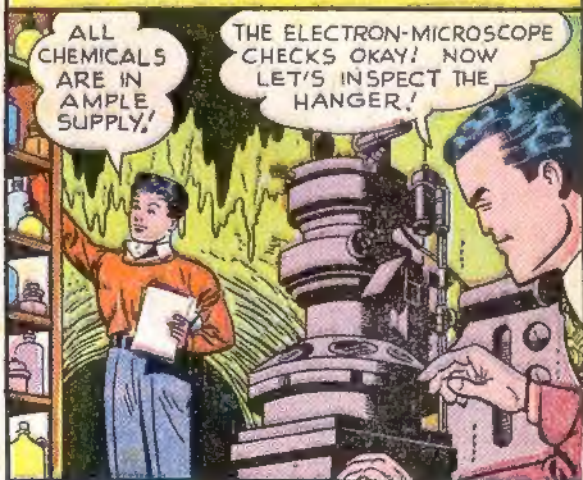


BOB
KANE

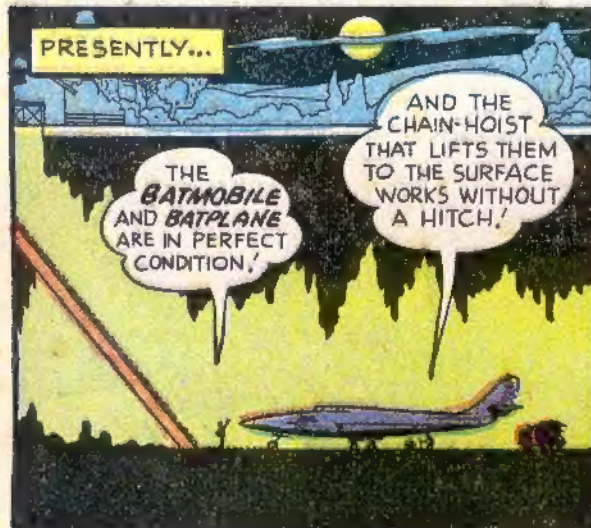
IN THE EERIE **BAT-CAVE** UNDER THE WAYNE MANSION IN GOTHAM CITY, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER, MAKE THEIR REGULAR INSPECTION OF CRIME-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT...



IN THE CRIME-LABORATORY...



PRESENTLY...



FINALLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO INSPECTS THE COSTUME ROOM...



"WE USED WHITE COSTUMES IN THE 'CASE OF THE NORTH POLE CRIMES', FOR CAMOUFLAGE!"

"AND THE GOLD-CLOTH COSTUME YOU USED IN THE 'CASE OF THE MIDAS TOUCH'!"



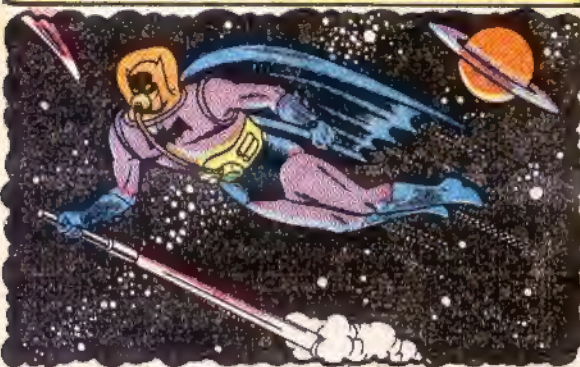
THE INSPECTION AWAKENS MORE MEMORIES OF THE PAST--THE PAST OF THE TWO GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTERS WHO EVER LIVED.'

THIS SUPER-THIN CELLOPHANE COSTUME I KEPT CRUMPLED UP AND HIDDEN IN MY BOOT HEEL WHEN I ONCE ENTERED PRISON AS BRUCE WAYNE--SO I COULD BECOME **BATMAN** IN PRISON.'

AND COULD BE DESTROYED WITH A MATCH SO IT WOULDN'T BE FOUND ON YOU AND GIVE AWAY YOUR IDENTITY.'

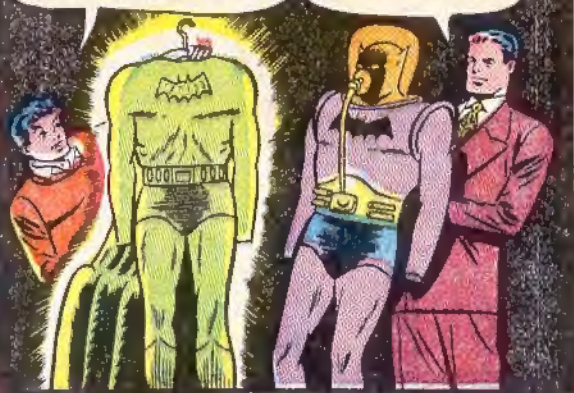


'IT SAVED MY LIFE WHEN THOSE SPACE-PIRATES DESTROYED A SHIP AND I WAS CAST ADRIFT.'



THIS **LUMINOUS** BAT-COSTUME WHICH GLOWS IN THE DARK, SCARED A SUPERSTITIOUS CROOK INTO SUBMISSION!

AND REMEMBER THIS **BAT-SPACE SUIT** I WORE WHEN WE WERE PROJECTED INTO THE FUTURE?



AND SO THEY EXAMINE THE VARIOUS BAT-COSTUMES, WHICH ARE ALIKE IN MANY RESPECTS BUT WHICH HAVE DIFFERENT CAPABILITIES...



THIS AIR-COSTUME IS OKAY.'

SO IS THIS SUB-COSTUME!

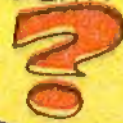
THEN THE LAST AND STRANGEST OF ALL.'

WE'VE NEVER HAD TO USE **THIS ONE**--AND I HOPE WE NEVER WILL!

RIGHT! IT'S TO BE USED ONLY IN THE WORST EMERGENCY--AND THEN, WOULD BE DANGEROUS TO USE!



WHAT IS THE TERRIBLE SECRET OF THIS STRANGEST OF ALL COSTUMES? WHY CAN IT ONLY BE USED IN DIREST NEED? LOOK CLOSELY--IT MAY RESEMBLE **BATMAN'S** OTHER BATTLE RAIMENT, BUT THE CLUE TO ITS FANTASTIC SECRET IS IN PLAIN SIGHT!



FOR, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, A SINISTER NEW CORPORATION OF CRIME IS BEING FORMED HEADED BY DOCTOR ROBERT DARCY!

WHY SHOULD I WASTE MY SCIENTIFIC GENIUS IN A CHEAP LABORATORY JOB, WHEN IT CAN REAP MILLIONS FOR US?

YOU CAN STYMIE THE POLICE, DOC. BUT NOT **BATMAN!**



THAT HOODED DETECTIVE, HE'LL BE HELPLESS AGAINST MY SCIENTIFIC SKILL!

YEAH?



AND SHORTLY AFTER, THE GANG'S FIRST CRIME STRIKES GOTHAM CITY WITH THE FEROCITY OF A THUNDER-BOLT!

LOOK, BRUCE! THE **BAT-SIGNAL** CALLING US!

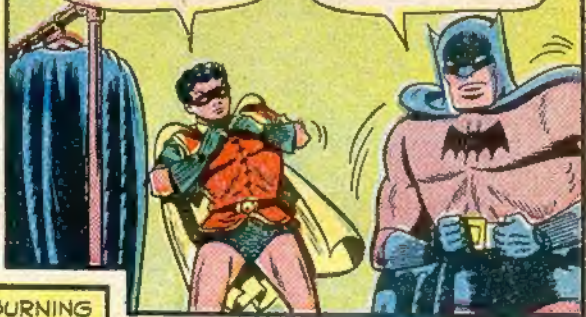
THAT FIRE-- IT'S ON THE UPPER FLOORS OF THE MONARCH STATE BUILDING!



SWIFTLY, BRUCE WAYNE SLIPS INTO ONE OF THE COSTUMES THAT TRANSFORM HIM INTO THE FAMED **BATMAN!**

THAT FIRE MUST BE THE REASON FOR THE POLICE SUMMONING US!

AND WE'LL FIND COMMISSIONER GORDON AT THAT FIRE! LET'S GO!



MOMENTS LATER, THE **BATMOBILE** RACES TO THE BURNING MENACE!

BATMAN, WE THINK THE FIRE WAS CAUSED BY PACKAGES DELIVERED TO THE 50TH FLOOR, THEN BURST INTO FLAMES! SOME PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED IN THE TOWER, ABOVE THE FIRE!

WHY DON'T THE FIREMEN RESCUE THEM?



THEY TRIED, BUT THE DOORS ON THE 50TH FLOOR ARE ALL JAMMED-- APPARENTLY BY HEAT.

WE'LL TRY IT-- FROM THE **OUTSIDE!**

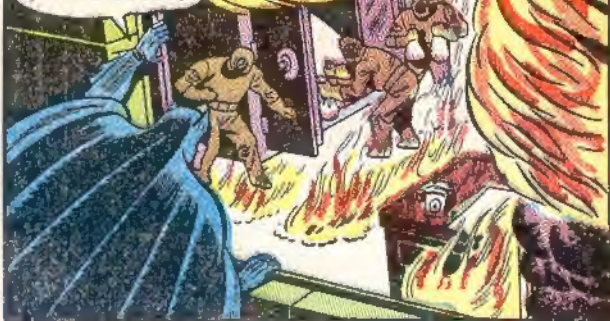


TENSE SILENCE GRIPS THE CROWD AS TWO DARING FIGURES START A PERILOUS CLIMB!



IT'S **BATMAN AND ROBIN!** THEY'RE GOING UP -- FROM THE 49TH FLOOR!

CROOKS WEARING ASBESTOS FIRE-SUITS! THEY MUST'VE **LOCKED** THE 50TH FLOOR DOORS, SO THEY COULD LOOT THE UPPER FLOORS WITHOUT INTERFERENCE!



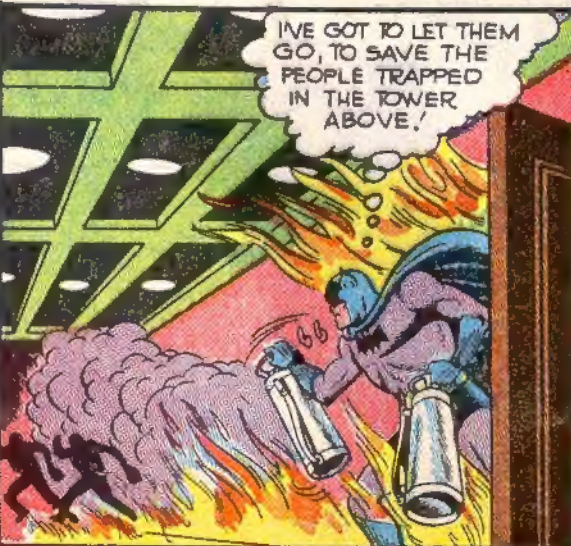
HEY, THERE'S **BATMAN**-- BUT THE FLAMES PREVENT HIM FROM COMING IN HERE!



WRONG! WHEN I SUSPECTED THIS FIRE WAS THE REASON FOR OUR CALL, I PUT ON MY FIREPROOF **ASBESTOS BAT-COSTUME!**

TAKE OFF WITH WHAT WE HAVE!

I'VE GOT TO LET THEM GO, TO SAVE THE PEOPLE TRAPPED IN THE TOWER ABOVE!



SHORTLY AFTER, WHEN THE FIRE HAS BEEN EXTINGUISHED...

THE CROOKS GOT AWAY -- THEY POSED AS FIREMEN IN THOSE SUITS!

CLEVER! NO ORDINARY CRIMINAL THOUGHT OF THAT, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO IT WAS!



BACK IN THEIR CRIME-LAB, **BATMAN** SCRUTINIZES THE FILE OF MICROFILM...

THAT'S OUR MAN! "DOCTOR ROBERT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE Darcy, EXPERT OF HIS FACE THROUGH THE VISION-PLATE HE WORE!"

BATMAN, I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL BE HARD TO FIND!

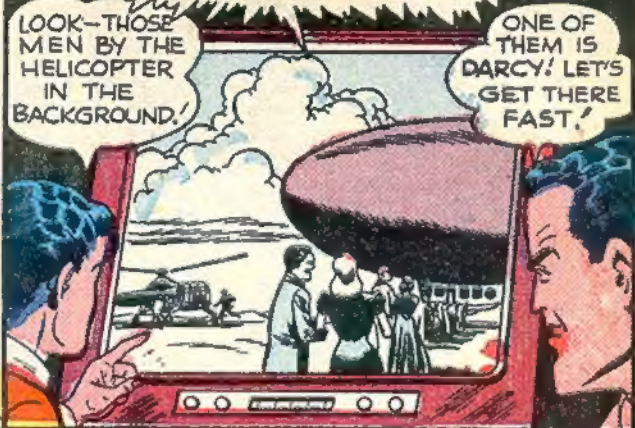


HARD TO FIND, INDEED! THE RENEGADE SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED UNTIL, COMPLETELY BY ACCIDENT...

"--AND SO MILLIONAIRE REGGIE LAYTON AND HIS GUESTS START ON A UNIQUE PARTY IN THE SKY!"

LOOK--THOSE MEN BY THE HELICOPTER IN THE BACKGROUND!

ONE OF THEM IS Darcy! LET'S GET THERE FAST!

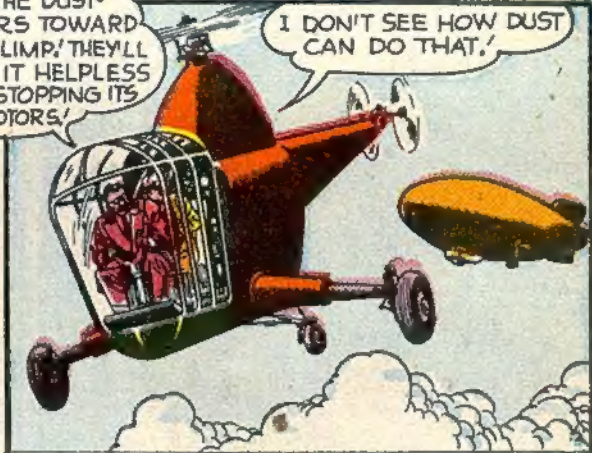


A QUICK CHANGE--AND SOON THE **BATPLANE** PICKS UP THE HOT TRAIL!

LAYTON'S GUESTS WERE LOADED WITH JEWELS--I'M CERTAIN THAT FACT ATTRACTED Darcy!

TURN THE DUST-BLOWERS TOWARD THE BLIMP! THEY'LL MAKE IT HELPLESS BY STOPPING ITS MOTORS!

I DON'T SEE HOW DUST CAN DO THAT!

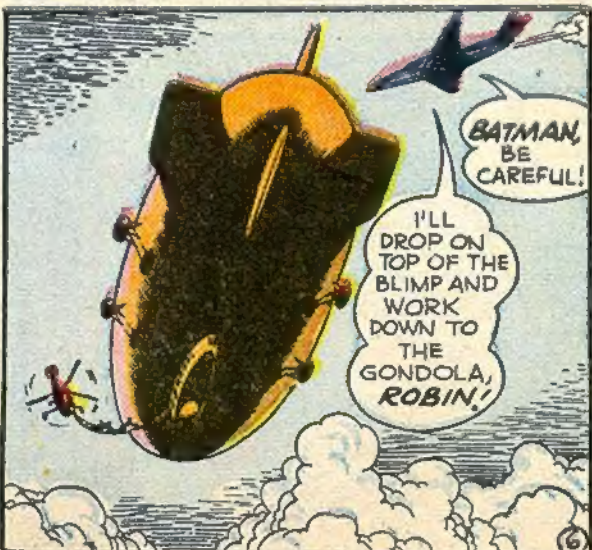


IT'S **EMERY DUST** BEING BLOWN INTO THE BLIMP'S MOTORS! NOW GET READY TO BOARD IT AND WE'LL HEIST A FORTUNE IN JEWELS!

THE MOTORS STOPPED--WE'RE DRIFTING!

BATMAN, BE CAREFUL!

I'LL DROP ON TOP OF THE BLIMP AND WORK DOWN TO THE GONDOLA, **ROBIN!**



A QUICK DROP, AND THEN...

HAND
OVER ALL
YOUR JEWELS
— QUICK!

DOC, THERE'S
THE **BATPLANE**
OUT THERE! WE'D
BETTER TAKE OFF
WITH THE JEWELS
WE'VE GOT!

CAN'T LET THEM
ESCAPE FROM ME!
I CAN JUMP INTO THE
COCKPIT OF THAT
HELICOPTER!

BUT A GUST OF WIND STRIKES THE BLIMP AS HE
LEAPS, AND...

BATMAN!

TEAR
HIS HOLD
LOOSE,
QUICK!

THAT DID IT, DOC!
HE HAS NO PARACHUTE!
HE'S A GONER!

BUT PLUNGING EARTHWARD, **BATMAN**
SWIFTLY UNFOLDS GLIDER-WINGS FROM
HIS COSTUME!

LATER, AFTER TOWING THE DISABLED BLIMP
TO SAFETY, **ROBIN** LANDS THE **BATPLANE**
AND...

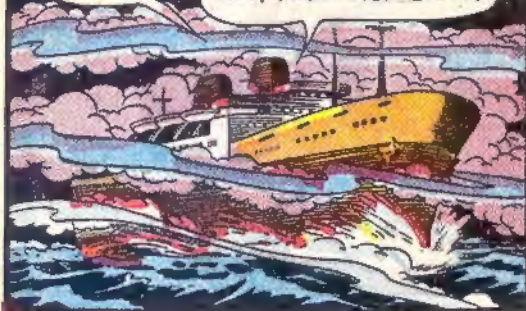
IT'S GOOD YOU
THOUGHT OF
PUTTING ON YOUR
WHEN WE DASHED
OUT!

BUT THE CROOKS GOT AWAY--
WITH LOOT! **ROBIN**, DARCY'S
CUNNING MAKES IT APPEAR
THAT WE'RE UP AGAINST
THE FIGHT OF OUR
CAREERS!

NEXT DAY, WHEN THE LINER *SARONIA* NEARS FOG-BOUND GOTHAM CITY, DARCY'S WIFE IS PROVEN AGAIN.

ARE WE ON OUR COURSE, HELMSMAN?

AYE, SIR! THESE RADAR DIRECTIONAL SIGNALS FROM THE PORT AUTHORITY, WHICH GUIDE US EVEN IF WE CAN'T SEE, ARE EXCELLENT.



BUT SUDDENLY, A GRINDING TERRIBLE SHOCK.

THE RADAR SIGNALS WERE WRONG--WE'RE ON THE **ROCK'S!**

AND THERE'S A LAUNCH COMING ALONGSIDE!



THERE'S GOLD IN YOUR STRONGROOM, WE WANT IT!

YOUR SENDING OUT WRONG DIRECTIONS BY RADAR SURE WORKED, DOC!



THUS FEAR GRIPS GOTHAM CITY--FEAR OF RUTHLESS CRIMINALS WHO CAUSE DISASTERS TO CONCEAL THEIR ACTS.

EXTRA! BANDITS WRECK AND ROB *SARONIA*!

REPORTERS IN MY OUTER OFFICE ARE WAITING FOR A STATEMENT! IF PEOPLE AREN'T REASSURED, PANIC WILL RESULT! **BATMAN**, THEY BELIEVE IN YOU! YOU MUST REASSURE THEM!

I WILL -- IF YOU THINK IT'S NECESSARY!



THE POLICE ARE DOING THEIR UTMOST, AND I PROMISE TO DO **MY** BEST TO SMASH THIS GANG BEFORE THEY COMMIT ANOTHER CRIME.

OUR READERS WILL THANK YOU FOR THAT, **BATMAN**!



BUT WE HAVEN'T EVEN AN IDEA WHERE DARCY AND HIS MOB ARE!

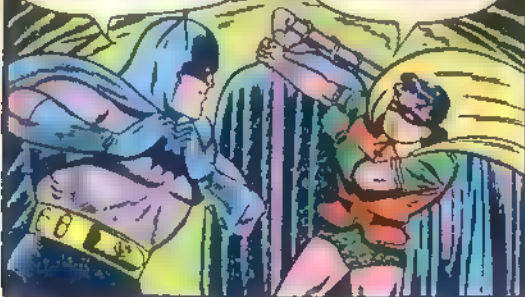
MAYBE WE CAN FIND THEM! THAT FAKE RADAR TRANSMITTER THEY USED NEEDS A LOT OF POWER! THE ELECTRIC COMPANY CAN READ ALL METERS IN THAT COAST AREA TO SEE WHICH HOUSE USED ENORMOUS POWER LATELY!



LATER, WHEN SUSPICION POINTS TO A WATERFRONT ESTATE...

THEIR HIDEOUT MUST BE APPROACHED SECRETLY, OR THEY MAY ESCAPE! AND **THIS** BAT-UNIFORM WILL HELP ME!

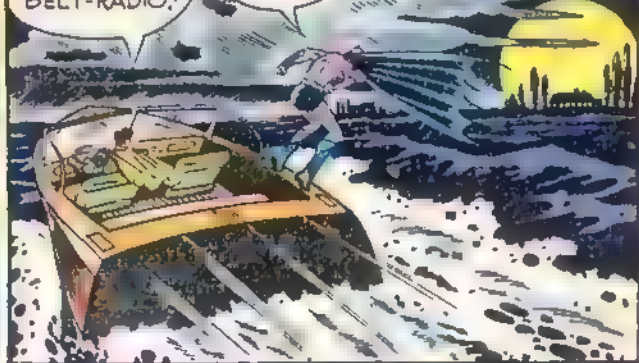
I WISH I COULD DO MORE THAN JUST HANDLE THE SPEEDBOAT!



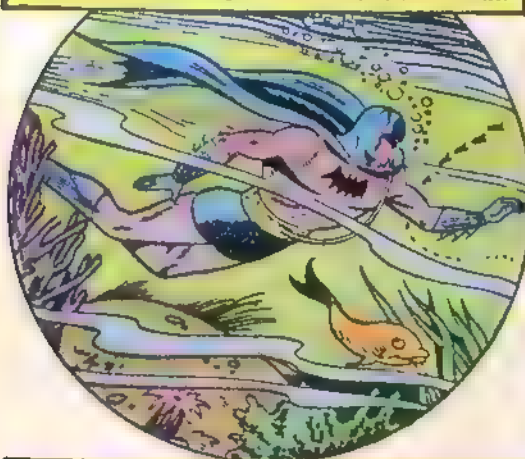
SOON...

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOUR CALL VIA BELT-RADIO!

THEY WON'T EXPECT ME TO COME THIS WAY!



CLAD IN A UNIQUE BAT-COSTUME WHICH INCLUDES A SUPPLY OF OXYGEN, THE DARK FIGURE MOVES SILENTLY UNDER-WATER...



...UNTIL...

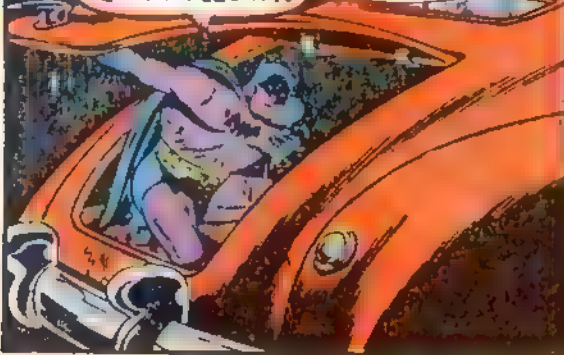
WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE HERE QUICKLY! SOMETHING'S UP! THAT METER-READER WASN'T DUE HERE FOR TWO WEEKS.

HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM! 'MM, THEY'RE NOT STORING LOOT IN THE CAR'S TRUNK!



AS THE CROOKS RETURN INSIDE FOR ANOTHER LOAD...

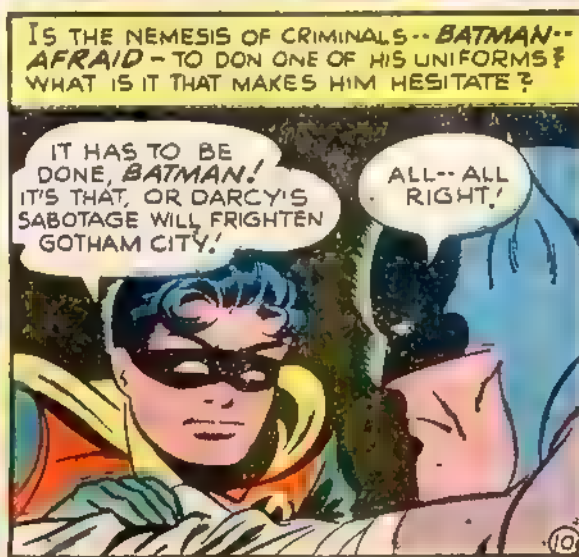
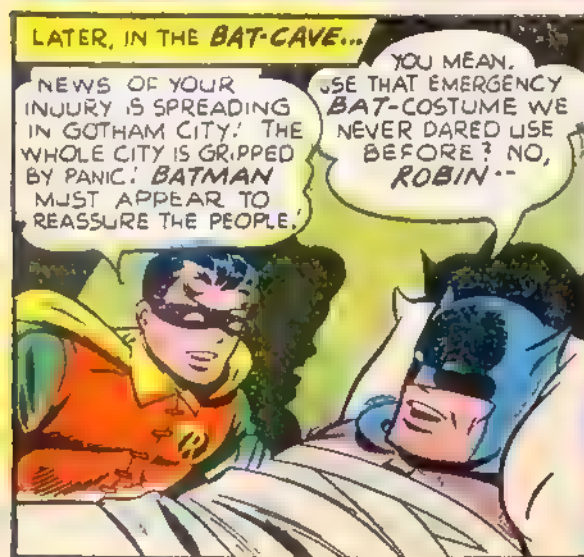
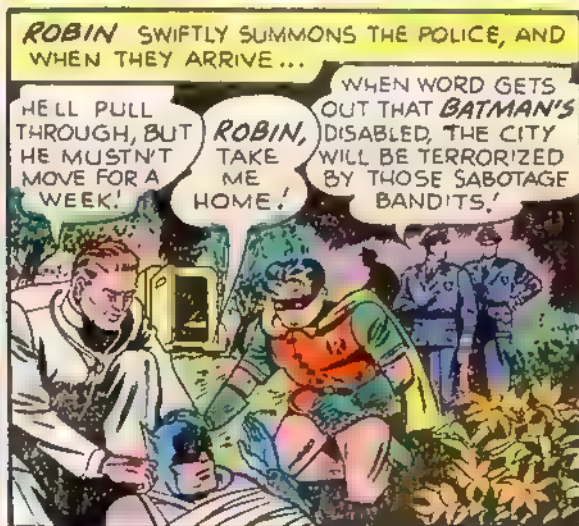
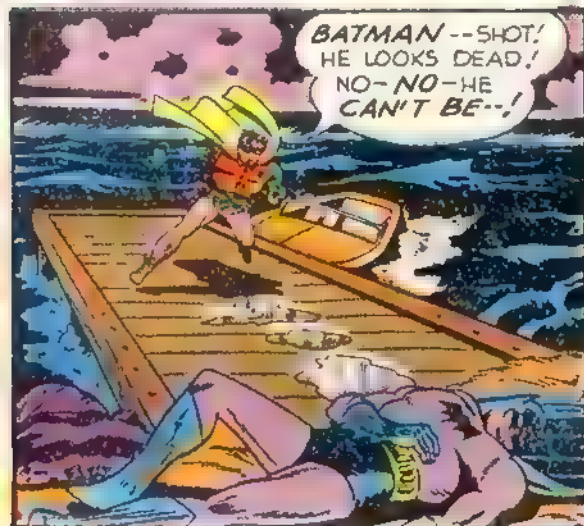
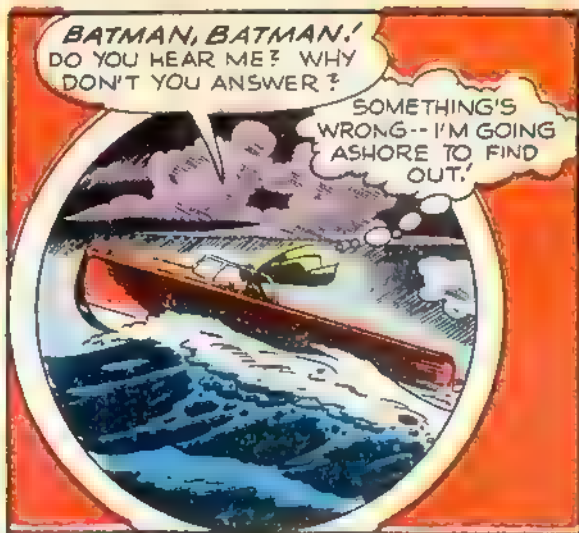
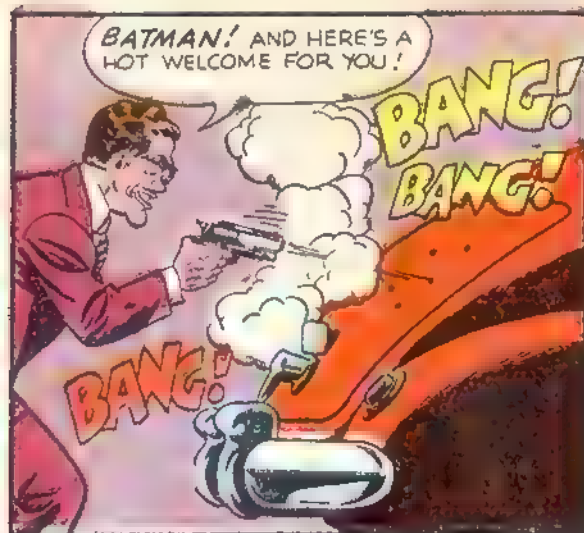
ROBIN, CALLING ROBIN--
I'M IN THE TRUNK OF THE BANDITS' CAR! THEY'RE LEAVING SHORTLY! I'LL CALL YOU AGAIN BY BELT-RADIO SO YOU CAN FOLLOW!



BUT **BATMAN** HAS LEFT WHAT MAY MEAN A FATAL CLUE, FOR...

FELLERS, SEE THIS WET TRAIL? SOMEONE CAME OUT OF THE WATER AND HAS HIDDEN IN THE TRUNK! GUESS WHO IT IS!





THAT NIGHT, AS FEARS OF FRESH DISORDERS MOUNT...

WITH **BATMAN** HURT AND MAYBE DEAD BY NOW, THERE'S NO STOPPING 'EM.

THEY MIGHT KILL OUR FAMILIES.

LOOK--
LOOK!

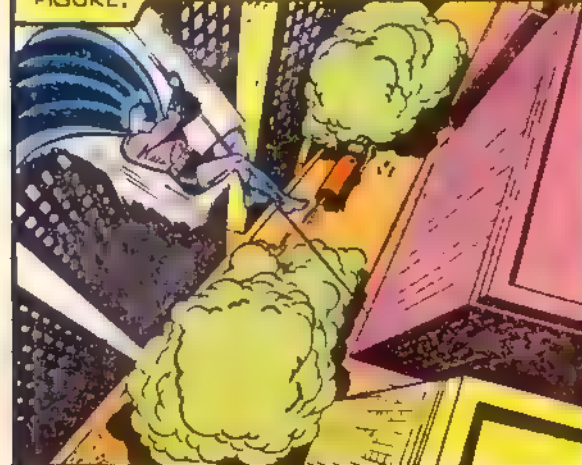


DOC, LOOK--
BATMAN
UP THERE!

BATMAN WAS BADLY SHOT-- THAT MUST BE ONLY A DUMMY TO SCARE US OFF! AND A DUMMY CAN'T INTERFERE WITH OUR NEXT JOB! LET'S GO!

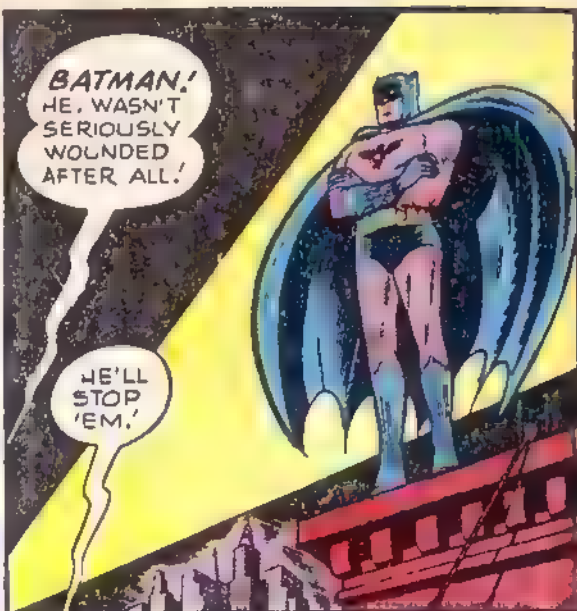


BUT VIGILANT EYES HAVE SEEN THE CLOUD OF DEADLY VAPOR, AND DOWN SWINGS AN EERIE FIGURE.



BATMAN!
HE WASN'T SERIOUSLY WOUNDED AFTER ALL!

HE'LL STOP 'EM.



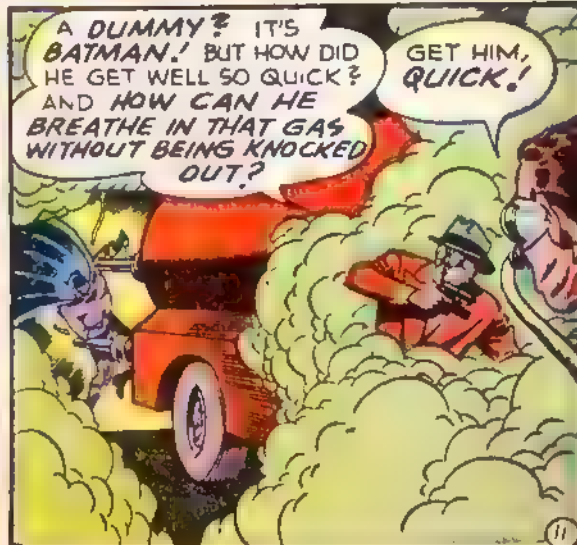
THIS POISON GAS WILL DRIVE EVERYONE-- INCLUDING POLICE-- OUT OF THIS WHOLE AREA!

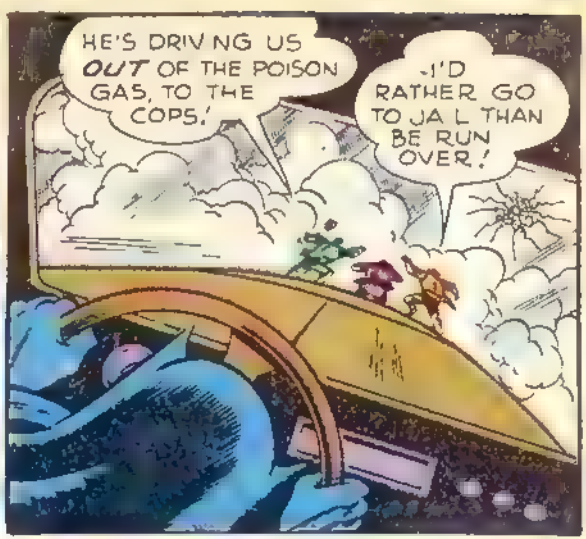
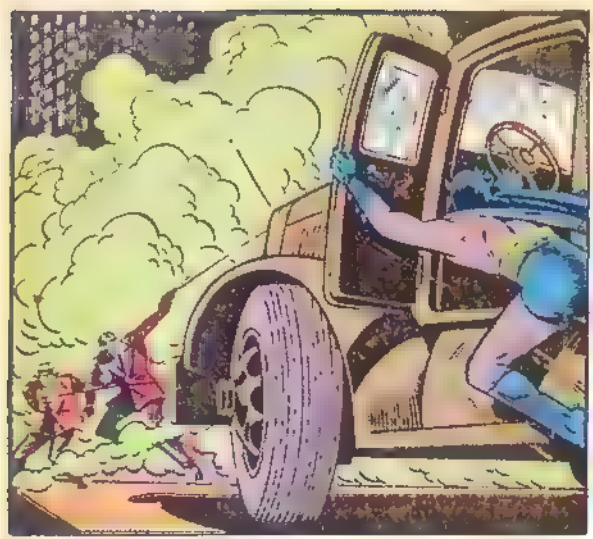
AND WEARING GAS-MASKS, WE CAN LOOT THE BANK AND STORES EASY!



A DUMMY? IT'S **BATMAN!** BUT HOW DID HE GET WELL SO QUICK? AND HOW CAN HE BREATHE IN THAT GAS WITHOUT BEING KNOCKED OUT?

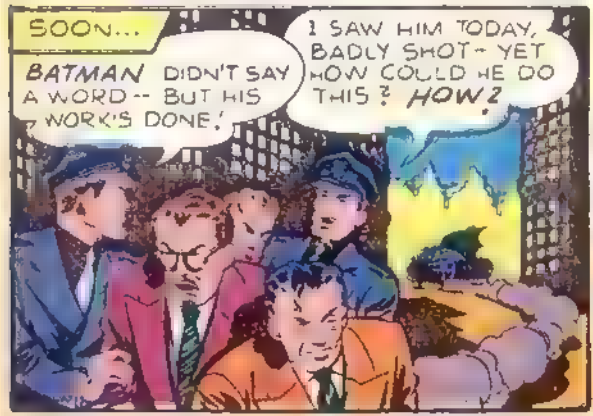
GET HIM, QUICK!





HE'S DRIVING US
**OUT OF THE POISON
GAS, TO THE
COPS!**

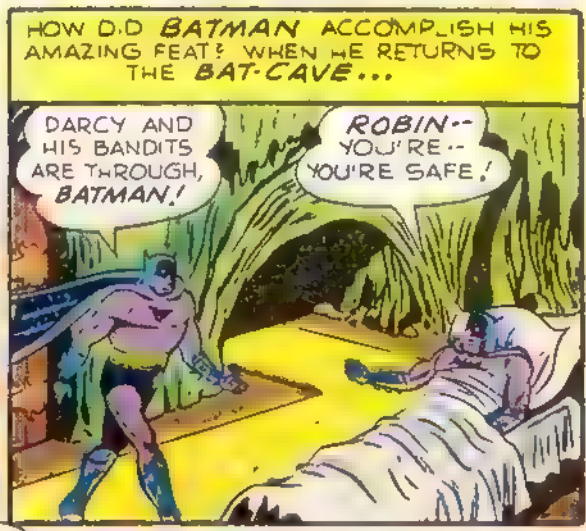
-I'D
RATHER GO
TO JAIL THAN
BE RUN
OVER!



SOON...

BATMAN DIDN'T SAY
A WORD-- BUT HIS
WORK'S DONE!

I SAW HIM TODAY,
BADLY SHOT-- YET
HOW COULD HE DO
THIS? **HOW?**

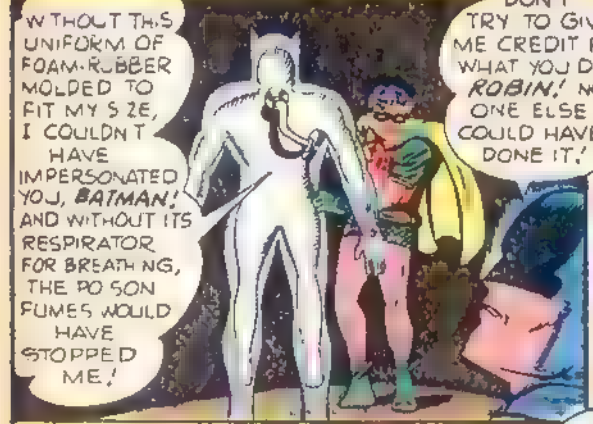


HOW DID **BATMAN** ACCOMPLISH HIS
AMAZING FEAT? WHEN HE RETURNS TO
THE **BAT-CAVE...**

DARCY AND
HIS BANDITS
ARE THROUGH,
BATMAN!

ROBIN--
YOU'RE--
YOU'RE SAFE!

TWO BATMEN! AND ONE IS CALLED **ROBIN?**
YES, THAT IS THE HOARDED SECRET OF THE
STRANGEST **BAT-COSTUME** OF ALL!



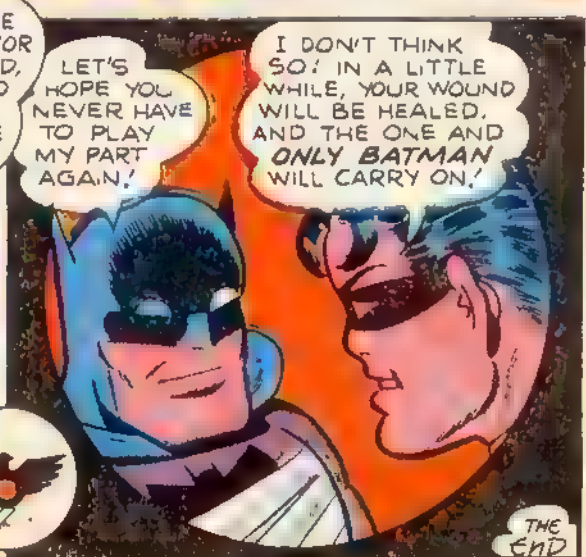
WITHOUT THIS
UNIFORM OF
FOAM-RUBBER
MOLDED TO
FIT MY SIZE,
I COULDN'T
HAVE
IMPERSONATED
YOU, **BATMAN!**
AND WITHOUT ITS
RESPIRATOR
FOR BREATHING,
THE POISON
FUMES WOULD
HAVE
STOPPED
ME!

DON'T
TRY TO GIVE
ME CREDIT FOR
WHAT YOU'D DO,
ROBIN! NO
ONE ELSE
COULD HAVE
DONE IT!

LET'S
HOPE YOU
NEVER HAVE
TO PLAY
MY PART
AGAIN!

I DON'T THINK
SO! IN A LITTLE
WHILE, YOUR WOUND
WILL BE HEALED,
AND THE ONE AND
ONLY BATMAN
WILL CARRY ON!

AND THAT IS WHY THE MYSTERY COSTUME
BEARS A RED-BREASTED BIRD-SYMBOL
INSTEAD OF A **BAT-SYMBOL**-- BECAUSE
IT IS THE SPECIAL BUILT-UP DUPLICATE WHICH
ENABLES **ROBIN** TO IMPERSONATE **BATMAN!**



THE
END

"U.S." ROYALWITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE**"SAVING THE
FARMER'S CROP"**AT A SMALL
RURAL
AIRPORT,
TWO
CUNNING
SCHEMERS
WATCH A CROP-
DUSTING
PLANE
TAKE OFF
FOR
FARMER
JONES'
FIELDS...WE DID IT, BOSS!
THAT PILOT DOESN'T
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S
GOT A SPRAY-TANK
FULL OF PLANT KILLER
--NOT BUG POISON!WELL, JONES WANTS HIS
CROPS SPRAYED --AND I
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS
COULD TO PUT HIM OUT OF
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED
BIKE AND CATCH UP
WITH THAT PLANE!HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY
THE CROPS-- GOTTA
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
DOES TOO MUCH
DAMAGE!ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST
-- SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN--
S-T-O-P--
GUESS I'D BETTER
LAND AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

LATER...

MR. JONES, I HATE
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE
JET SIGNALS!AND THANKS TO THE
SPEED OF THE BOYS
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND
THIS PLOT ARE NOW
BEHIND BARS!FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE
FOOTING -- AND SPLIT-SECOND
CONTROL -- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
WITH THAT SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYALNO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, Surer
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!**U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES**Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

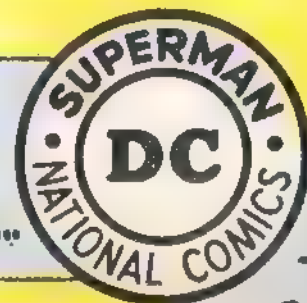
THRILLS AND CHILLS

IN THIS BIG
52-PAGE
2nd ISSUE
OF THE
NEWEST,
MOST EXCITING,
COMICS MAGAZINE
YOU EVER READ!

YOU'LL
THRILL TO THE
CHALLENGE
OF THE UNKNOWN
in

**STRANGE
ADVENTURES**

IT'S ANOTHER GREAT
COMICS MAGAZINE
WITH THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL ON THE COVER...

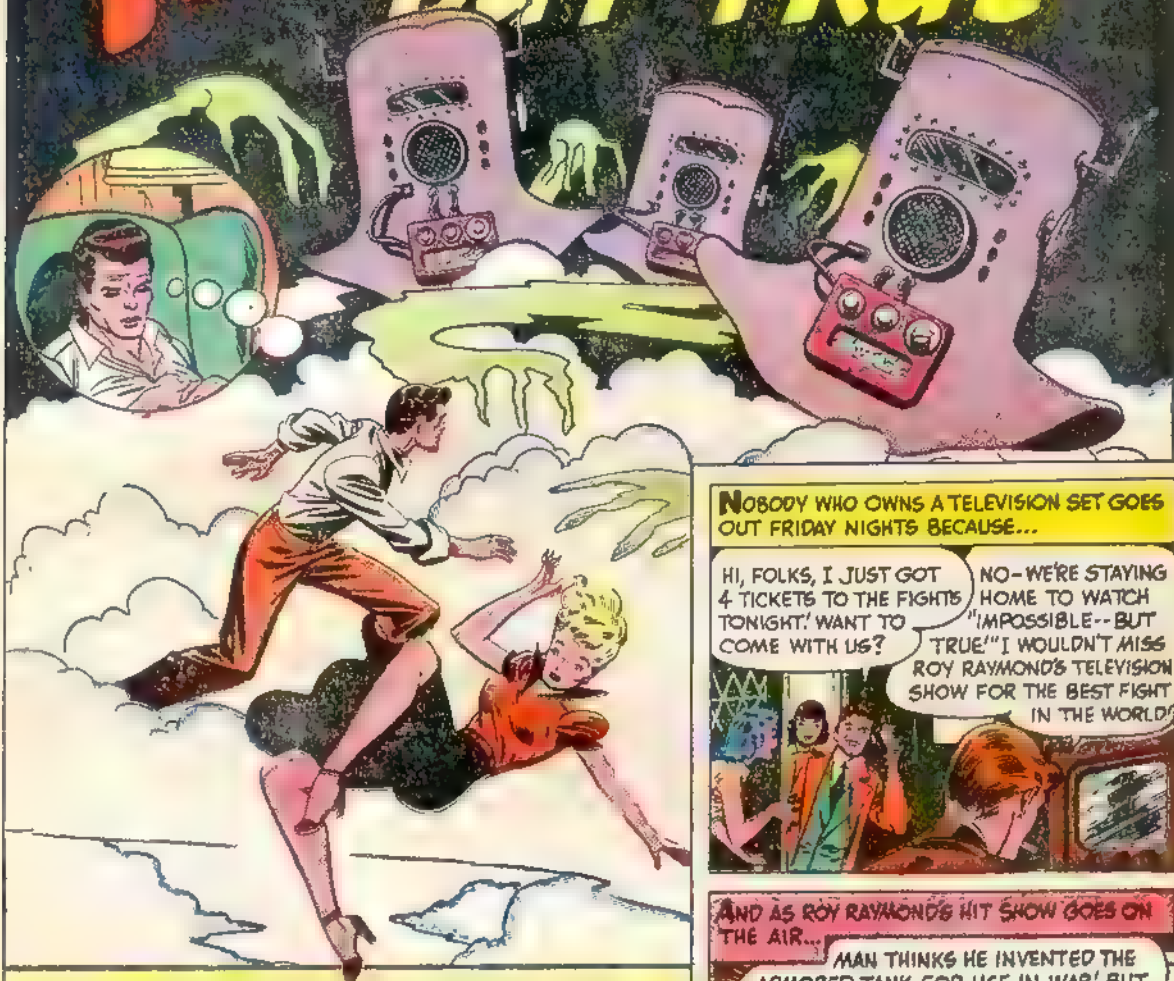


... WHICH IS YOUR
GUARANTEE OF
THE **BEST** IN ANY
COMICS MAGAZINE!



**DON'T
MISS IT!**

IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE



DO YOU KNOW THAT WE SPEND ONE-THIRD OF OUR LIVES SLEEPING? BUT SUPPOSE YOU DISCOVERED A WAY TO LIVE *WITHOUT* SLEEPING FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE? WOULD YOU USE IT TO HELP HUMANITY? OR WOULD YOU DO WHAT HUGO KING DID WHEN HE ENGAGED ROY RAYMOND, ORIGINATOR OF THE "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE" TELEVISION SHOW IN A FANTASTIC DUEL OF TERROR IN WHICH THE SURVIVOR COULD ONLY BE THE ONE WHOSE IMAGINATION SUPERSEDED THE SUPERNATURAL! AND INDEED IT REQUIRED ALL THE IMAGINATION AND COURAGE OF WHICH ROY RAYMOND WAS CAPABLE FOR HIM TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF...

"The Man Who Never Slept!"

Nobody who owns a television set goes out Friday nights because...

HI, FOLKS, I JUST GOT 4 TICKETS TO THE FIGHTS TONIGHT! WANT TO COME WITH US?

NO--WE'RE STAYING HOME TO WATCH "IMPOSSIBLE--BUT TRUE!" I WOULDN'T MISS ROY RAYMOND'S TELEVISION SHOW FOR THE BEST FIGHT IN THE WORLD!



AND AS ROY RAYMOND'S HIT SHOW GOES ON THE AIR...

MAN THINKS HE INVENTED THE ARMORED TANK FOR USE IN WAR! BUT MOTHER NATURE BEAT HIM TO IT BY 10,000 YEARS! **WATCH!**



"IN PREHISTORIC TIMES, THE HUGE GLYPTODON ROAMED THE FORESTS OF AMERICA, ENCASED IN ARMOR FROM NOSE TO TIP OF TAIL--THE ARMOR PROVIDED BY NATURE! IMPOSSIBLE? WELL...



"HERE'S THE PROOF! THE ARMADILLO, THE LOWLY DESCENDANT OF THE MIGHTY GLYPTODON EXISTS TODAY IN SOUTHERN TEXAS, FULLY ENCASED IN HIS OWN ARMOR PLATE TO PROTECT HIM AGAINST ANY ATTACK!"



AND SPEAKING OF NATURE, HERE'S A PARADOX THAT WILL KEEP YOU AWAKE FIGURING! EACH OF US HAD 2 PARENTS, 4 GRANDPARENTS, 8 GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, 16 GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, AND SO ON!



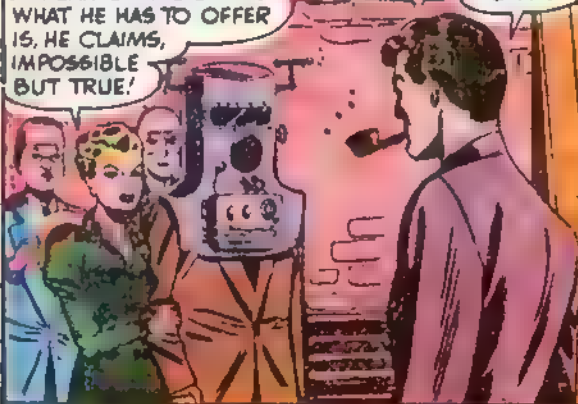
"IF YOU FIGURE BACK 6000 YEARS TO THE CREATION OF THE WORLD, YOU'LL FIND EACH OF US HAD MORE THAN A BILLION QUADRILLION ANCESTORS ALIVE AT THAT TIME. BUT-- THERE WERE ONLY TWO--ADAM AND EVE!"



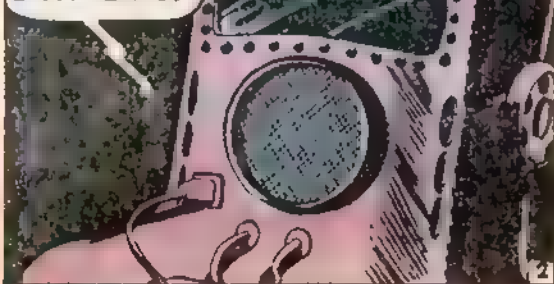
BACKSTAGE, WHEN THE TELEVISION PERFORMANCE IS OVER...

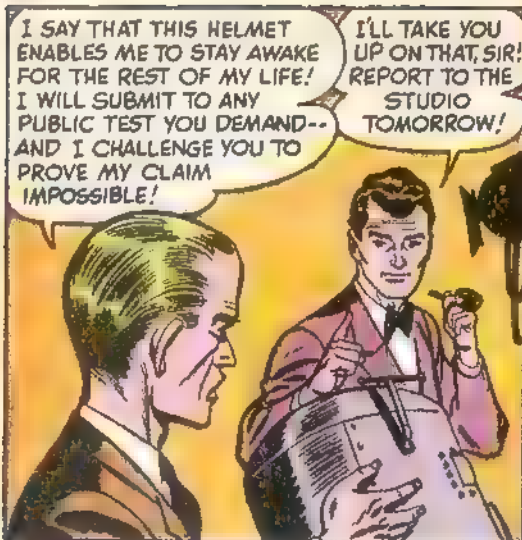
ROY, THIS IS HUGO KING, WHO WANTS TO APPEAR ON THE SHOW. WHAT HE HAS TO OFFER IS, HE CLAIMS, IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE!

ALWAYS WILLING TO LISTEN, MR. KING. WHAT IS IT?

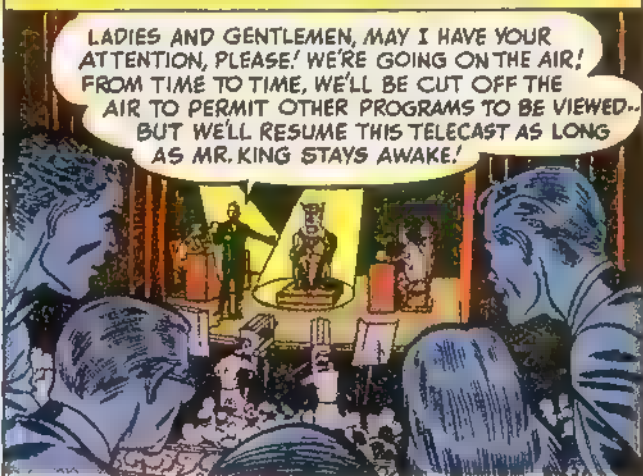


THIS IS MY OWN INVENTION--THE **SLUMBERLESS HELMET**. WHEN I WEAR IT, I NEVER NEED TO SLEEP! SO FAR I HAVE BEEN WIDE AWAKE FOR SIX DAYS AND SIX NIGHTS!

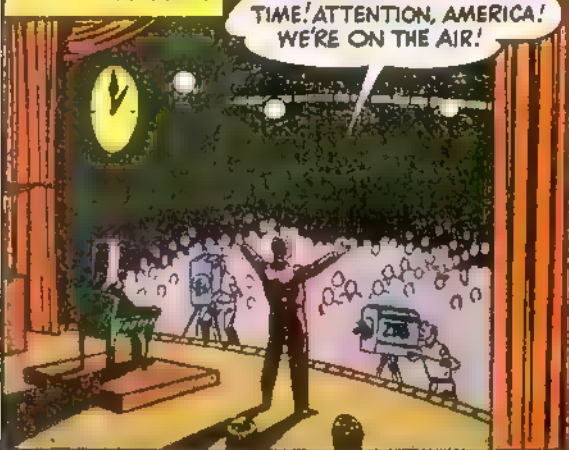




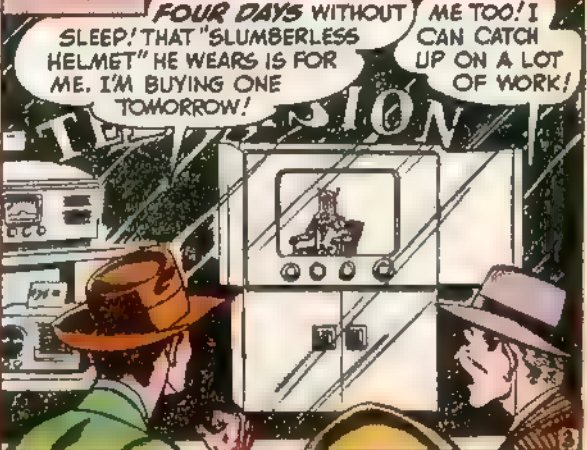
NEXT DAY, A SKEPTICAL PUBLIC FLOCKS TO THE SCENE OF THE TEST IN THE BALLROOM OF THE WESTOR HOTEL...



THUS BEGINS AN EXPERIMENT WHICH MAY BE THE GREATEST BOON TO MANKIND--OR THE GREATEST HOAX IN HISTORY!



DAYS PASS, AND HUGO KING SEEMS TO THRIVE WITHOUT SLEEP! THE ENTIRE NATION THRILLS TO THE ASTONISHING FEAT...



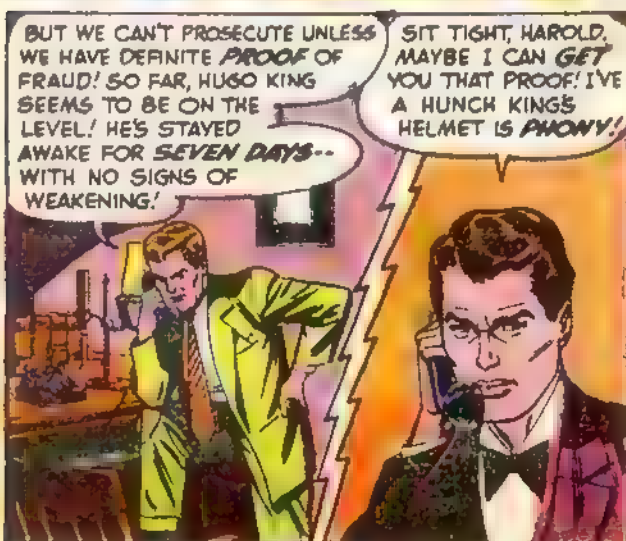
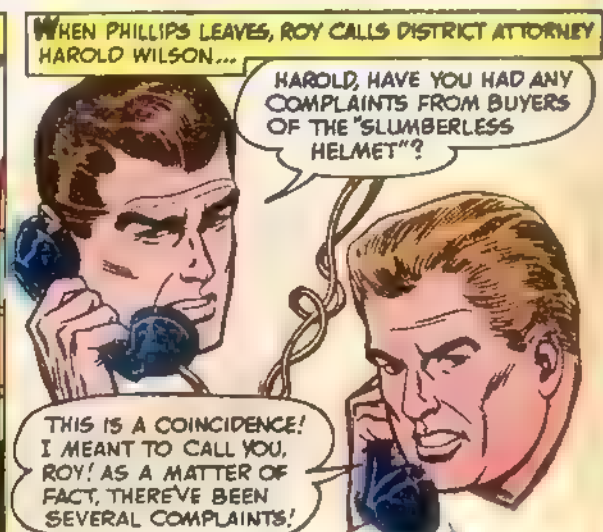
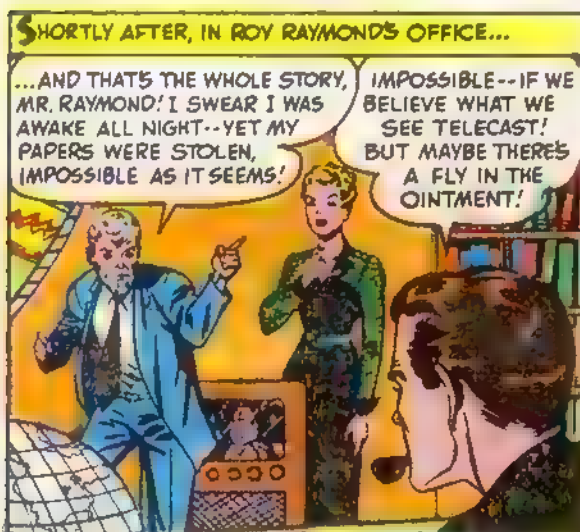
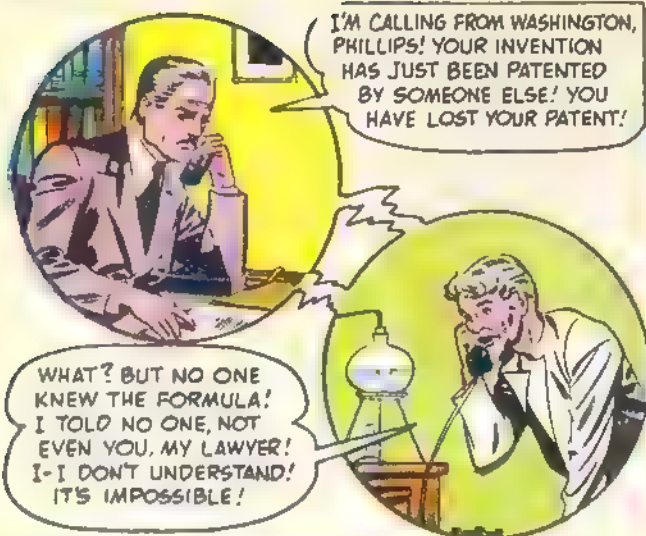
HERALD  TIMES
MEDICAL CONVENTION PROBES
KING'S "SLEEPLESS" CLAIM!

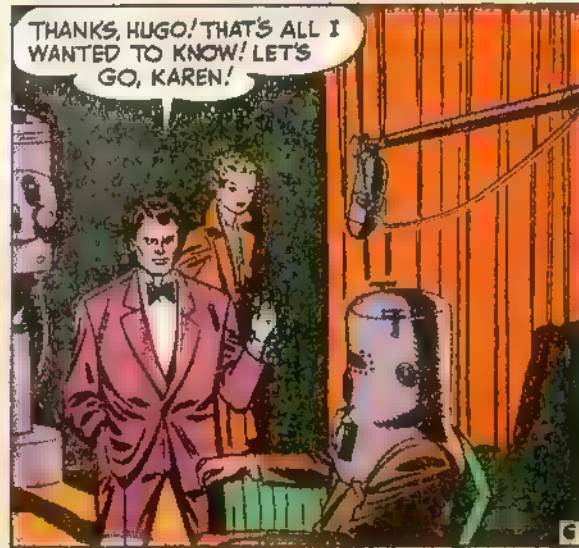
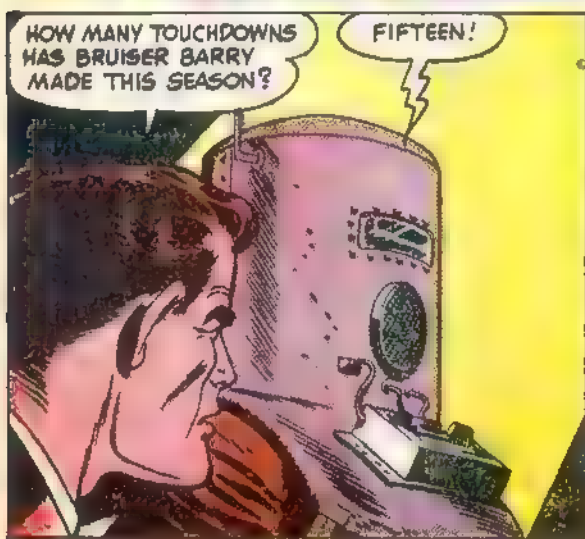
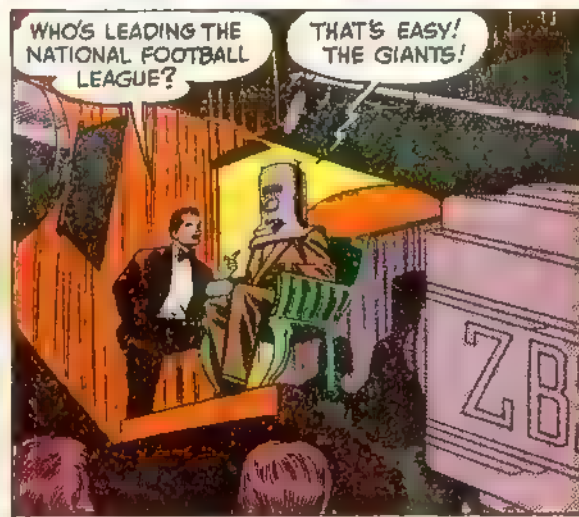
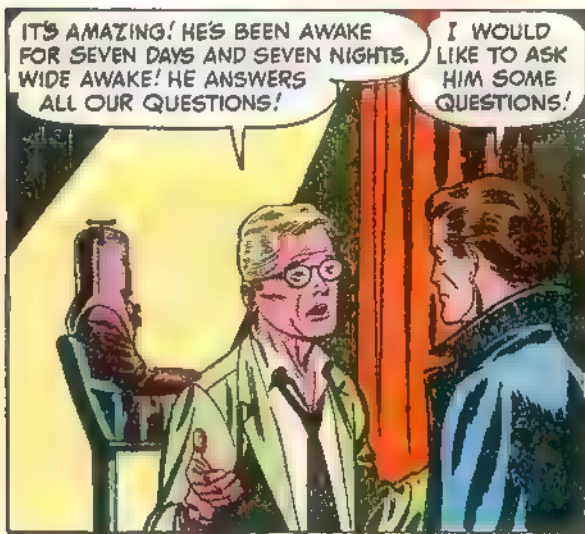
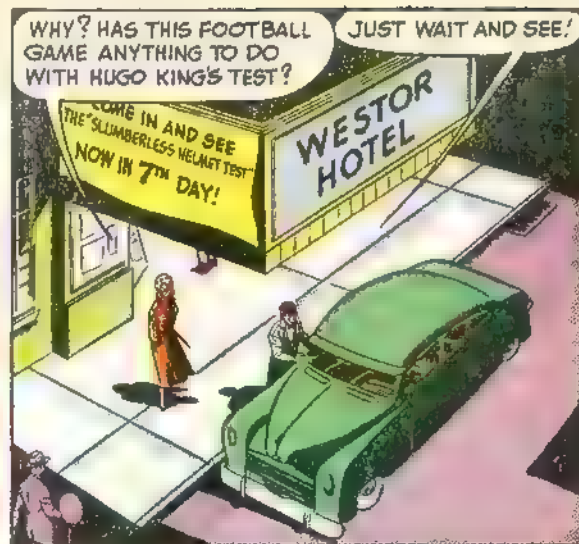
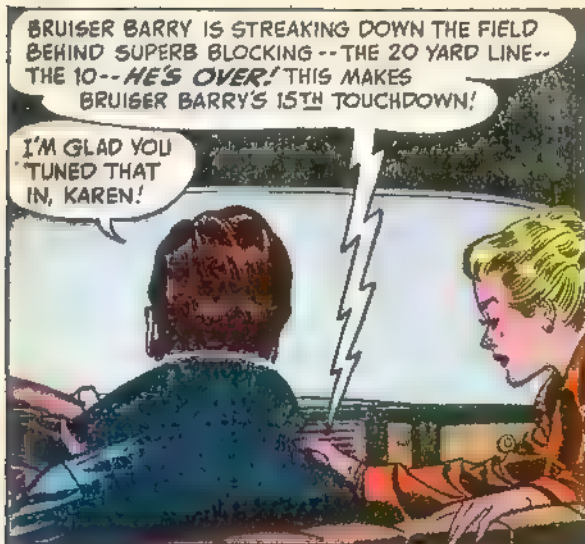
IT'S TERRIBLE! WE'LL
HAVE TO STOP ROBBING
AND TURN HONEST!

HERE YOU ARE,
MR PHILLIPS! **BE
SURE TO LET
ME KNOW
YOU MAKE
OUT!**

BUT, NEXT DAY... MY SECRET FORMULA--IT'S **GONE!** BUT HOW? I WAS HERE ALL THE TIME--AND AWAKE!--WHAT'S THAT? OH, THE PHONE!

R-RING!
RING!





NOW I **KNOW** HUGO KING IS A PHONY! HURRY, KAREN, I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!

BUT I DON'T GET IT, ROY! **HOW** DO YOU KNOW?

LATER THAT DAY, "PIERRE RENARD" PRESENTS HIMSELF AT THE "SLUMBERLESS HELMET" FACTORY...

ZIS HELMET WEEEL HELP ME TO STAY AWAKE TO FEENEESH ZE DESIGNS FOR ZE SPRING GOWNS FROM PAREE! ZOZE DESIGNS WEEEL BE WORT' MAN-NY ZOUSDANDS OF DOLL-ARS W'EN ZEY ARE FEENEESH!

HERE YOU ARE, MONSIEUR RENARD! WHEN YOU FINISH THOSE DESIGNS, **BE SURE TO LET ME KNOW HOW YOU MAKE OUT!**

BACK IN HIS DEN, WITHOUT PAUSING TO REMOVE THE DISGUISE OF PIERRE RENARD, ROY DONS THE "SLUMBERLESS HELMET" AND PREPARES FOR AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL...

LOCK THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT, KAREN! I'M GOING TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT AND FIND OUT WHAT GIVES WITH THIS HELMET!

I'M WORRIED, ROY! I'LL PHONE YOU LATER TO SEE IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT!

TWO HOURS PASS AS ROY SITS SILENTLY AT HIS DESK. IT IS MIDNIGHT...

I'M AWAKE! I KNOW I'M AWAKE! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! DANGER... DANGER ALL AROUND...

RRING! RING!

ABRUPTLY, A STRANGE AND SINISTER FORCE GRIPS ROY RAYMOND! REMOVING HIS HELMET, HE MOVES LIKE A SLEEPWALKER -- TOWARD SOME UNKNOWN DESTINY!

STILL UNDER THE MERCILESS URGE OF THE STRANGE INNER COMPULSION, ROY HURRIES THROUGH THE NIGHT... TO A RENDEZVOUS WITH DOOM!

THIS IS THE WAY I MUST GO! I ONLY KNOW I MUST GO THIS WAY...

AT LAST HE REACHES HIS DESTINATION--THE OFFICE OF FRED WEEKS...

YOU ASKED ME TO TELL YOU HOW I MADE OUT! SOMEHOW, I FEEL COMPELLED TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH. I AM NOT PIERRE RENARD! I AM ROY RAYMOND AND I AM TRYING TO TRAP YOU!

I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK WITH THE TRUTH. EVERYBODY DOES AFTER THE "TRUTH GAS," SECRETLY HIDDEN IN THE HELMETS IS RELEASED! THAT'S HOW WE DISCOVER EVERYBODY'S SECRETS! COME WITH ME!



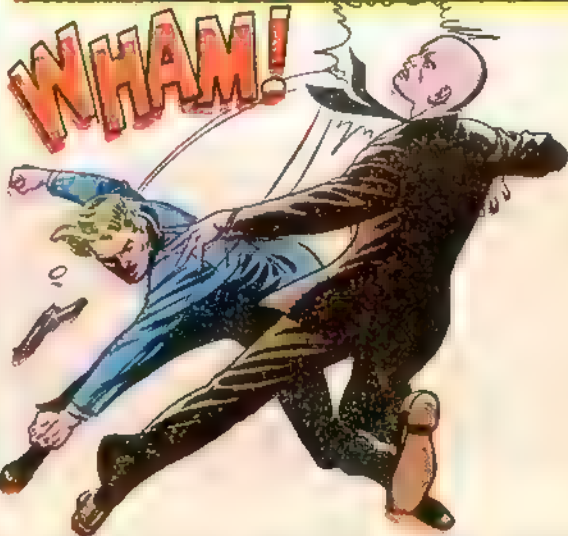
I SUPPOSE YOU GUESSED THAT HUGO KING ISN'T REALLY ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS AT THE TESTING PLACE! THERE'S A TWO-WAY SHORT-WAVE SET BUILT INTO HIS HELMET! LEW, HERE, ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS FOR HIM, WHILE HUGO SLEEPS SITTING UP! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU GUESSED IT!

HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TRUTH GAS HAS WORN OFF, AND MY MIND IS CLEAR!



BELIEVING ROY IS STILL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE "TRUTH GAS," WEEKS GLANCES AT HIS GUN. AND IN THAT MOMENT...

I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE TO ADMIT! WHEN I WAS HERE LAST TIME, I UNLOADED YOUR GUN!



A SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER HUGO KING, WEEKS AND LEW HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...

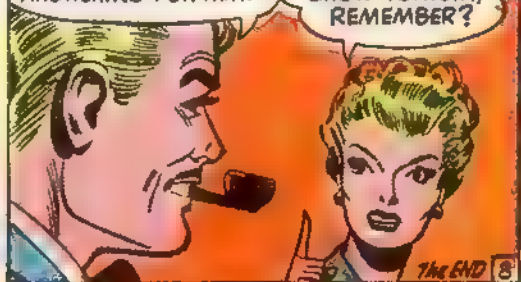
BUT HOW DID YOU GUESS HUGO HIMSELF WASN'T ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS, ROY?

REMEMBER-- I ASKED HIM HOW MANY TOUCHDOWNS BRUISER BARRY HAD TO HIS CREDIT AND HIS ANSWER WAS 15!



BUT HUGO *COULDN'T* HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THAT LAST TOUCHDOWN BECAUSE WE HEARD IT OVER THE RADIO ONLY A FEW MINUTES BEFORE! IT HAD TO BE SOMEONE ELSE WHO HAD ACCESS TO A RADIO, ANSWERING FOR HIM!

WELL, YOU COULD CATCH UP ON YOUR OWN SLEEP, ROY, BUT AS SOON AS YOU TAKE OFF THAT MAKE-UP, YOU'D BETTER DASH OVER TO THE STUDIO! YOU'VE A SHOW TONIGHT, REMEMBER?



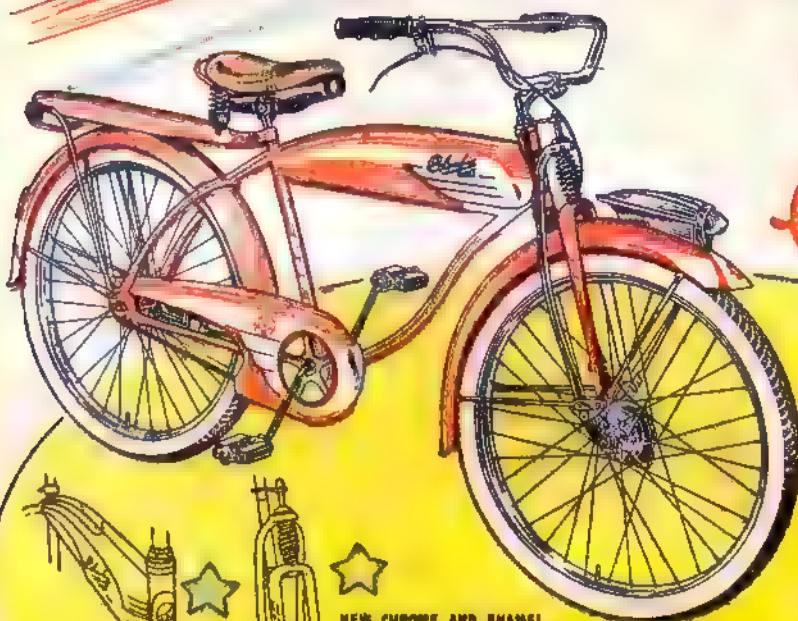
FOR 20th CENTURY ACTION...



GET THE 20th CENTURY'S GREATEST BIKE!

MID-CENTURY

Columbia BUILT



**SUPER-EQUIPPED
FIVE STAR SUPERS MOTOBIKE**



NEW "SWEEP-BACK" TANK, built above and below top bar, with forward chrome connector strip. A triumph in modern design.



NEW CHROME AND ENAMEL SPRING FORK sparkles with class, gives an easy, motor-cycle-type ride.



NEW SUPER CARRIER has chrome subular base ends with decorative acorn tips and built-in tail light, automatic stop signal and reflectors.



FRONT WHEEL EXPANSION BRAKE, hand operated, in addition to regular coaster brake for extra safety.



NEW PULL LENGTH PULL PROTECTION CHAIN GUARD with "Sweep-Back" trim to match tank. Attractive star decorations.

COLUMBIA and COLUMBIA-BUILT BICYCLES "SINCE 1877 . . . AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE"

You'll see the other fellows' eyes pop with envy when you whizz past, rocket-style on this new, 20th Century beauty! It sports the new, low Speedway Therm-O-Matic Frame, flashy chrome and gay enamel colors, and all the great new Columbia features. Protecto-Lock models guaranteed against loss by theft — every model "Guaranteed as long as you own it". Send for big, full-color folder picturing this and other beauties by Columbia.

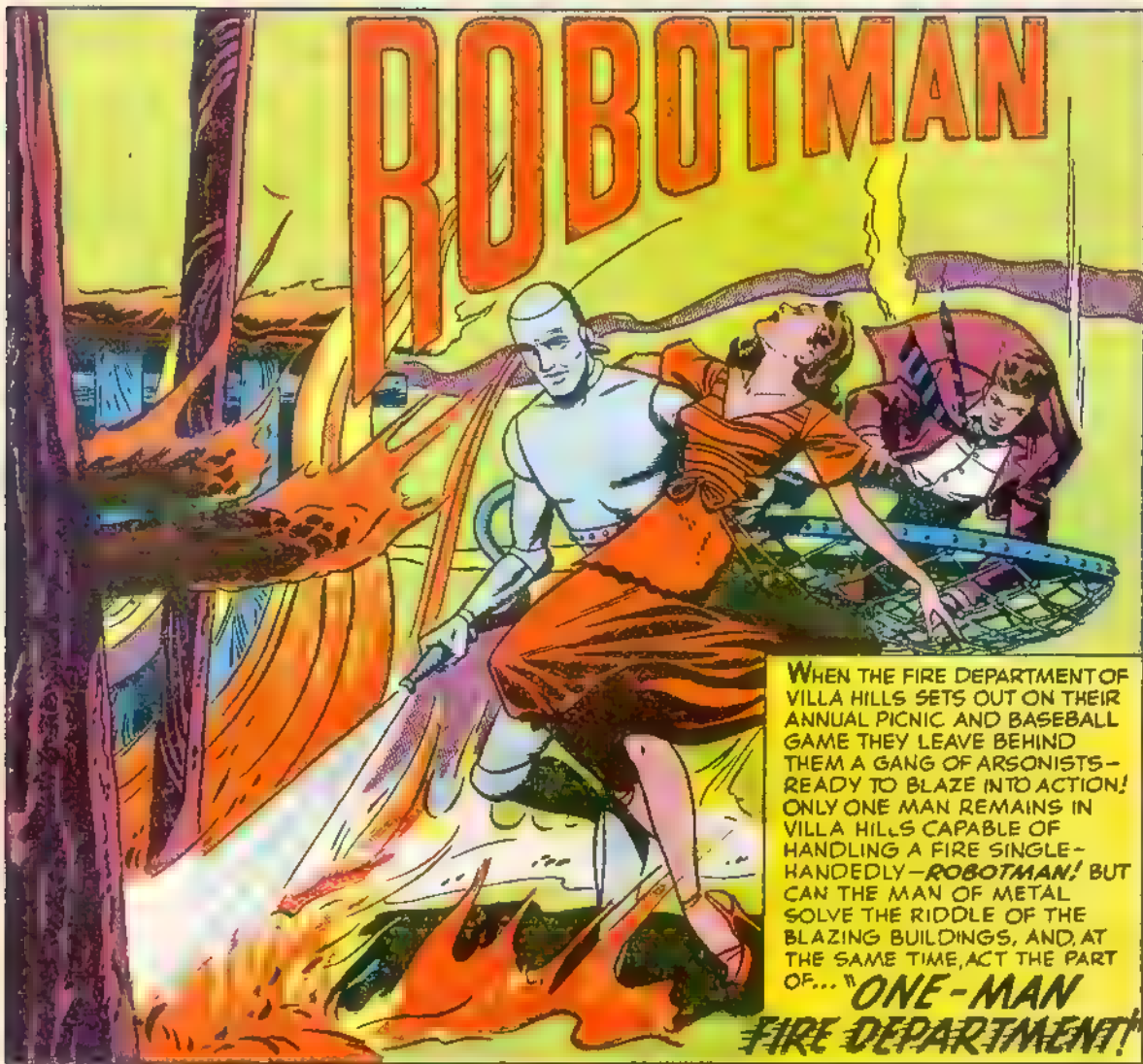
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

The Westfield Manufacturing Company
A411 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send me, free, the big full-color illustrated folder of exciting new models by Columbia.

Name Age

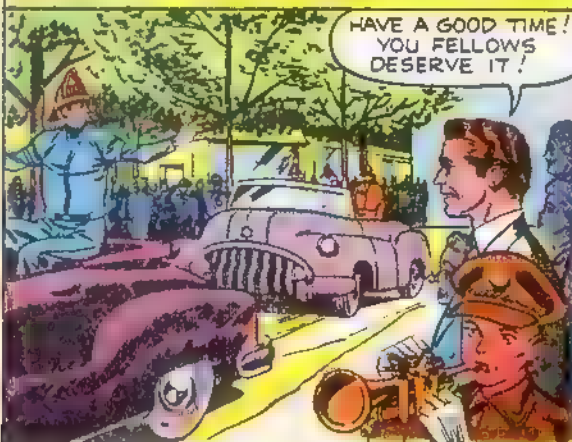
Address



WHEN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF VILLA HILLS SETS OUT ON THEIR ANNUAL PICNIC AND BASEBALL GAME THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM A GANG OF ARSONISTS—READY TO BLAZE INTO ACTION! ONLY ONE MAN REMAINS IN VILLA HILLS CAPABLE OF HANDLING A FIRE SINGLE-HANDEDLY—**ROBOTMAN!** BUT CAN THE MAN OF METAL SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE BLAZING BUILDINGS, AND, AT THE SAME TIME, ACT THE PART OF...

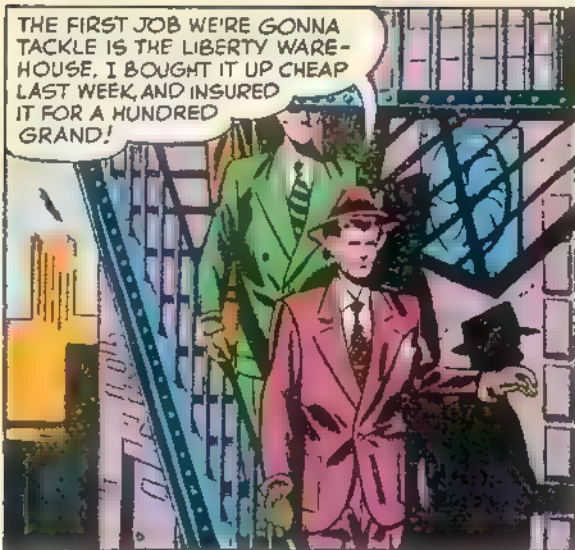
ONE-MAN FIRE DEPARTMENT!

THE VILLA HILLS HIGH SCHOOL BAND MAKES MERRY MUSIC AS IT LEADS THE MEMBERS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OUT OF TOWN ON THEIR YEARLY HOLIDAY...

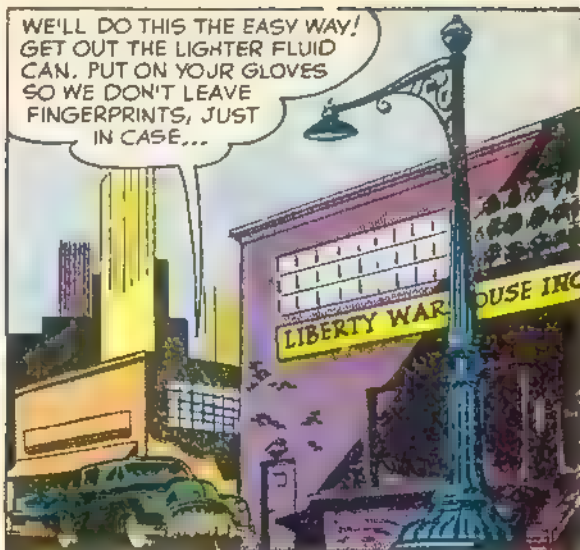


MEANWHILE, IN A CRIMINAL HIDEOUT OVERLOOKING MAIN STREET...



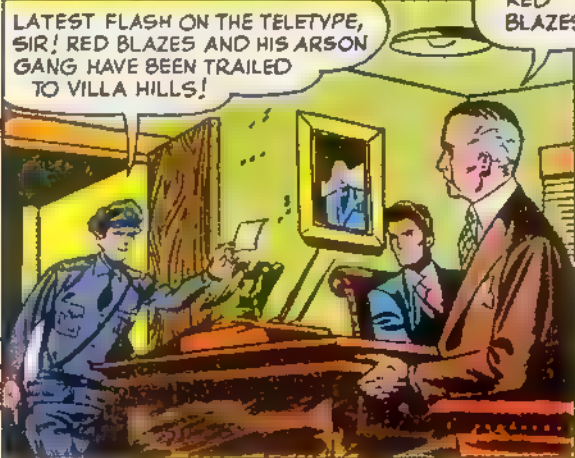


THE FIRST JOB WE'RE GONNA TACKLE IS THE LIBERTY WAREHOUSE. I BOUGHT IT UP CHEAP LAST WEEK, AND INSURED IT FOR A HUNDRED GRAND!



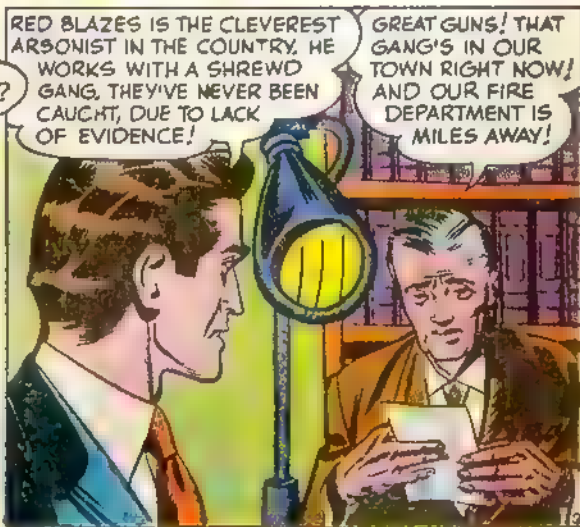
WE'LL DO THIS THE EASY WAY! GET OUT THE LIGHTER FLUID CAN. PUT ON YOUR GLOVES SO WE DON'T LEAVE FINGERPRINTS, JUST IN CASE...

MEANWHILE, AS PAUL DENNIS (SECRETLY ROBOTMAN) VISITS THE OFFICE OF MAYOR CARNEY...



LATEST FLASH ON THE TELETYPE, SIR! RED BLAZES AND HIS ARSON GANG HAVE BEEN TRAILED TO VILLA HILLS!

RED BLAZES?



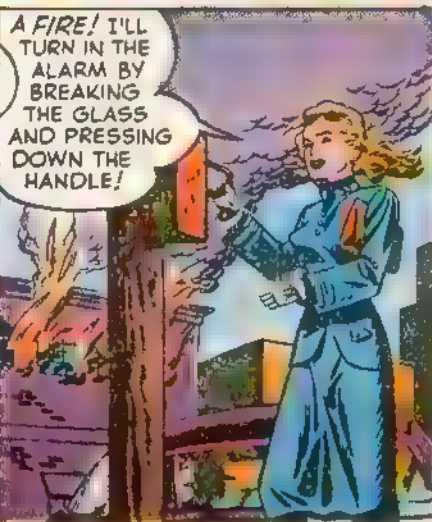
RED BLAZES IS THE CLEVEREST ARSONIST IN THE COUNTRY. HE WORKS WITH A SHREWD GANG, THEY'VE NEVER BEEN CAUGHT, DUE TO LACK OF EVIDENCE!

GREAT GUNS! THAT GANG'S IN OUR TOWN RIGHT NOW! AND OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT IS MILES AWAY!

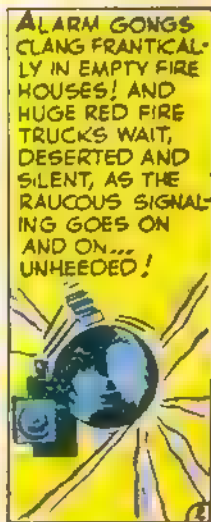


THEY'RE SOAKED PLENTY, RED. SO'S THE FLOOR AND LOWER WALLS!

GOOD! THAT'LL GIVE THE FIRE SUCH A GOOD START THAT NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO STOP THE BLAZE!



A FIRE! I'LL TURN IN THE ALARM BY BREAKING THE GLASS AND PRESSING DOWN THE HANDLE!



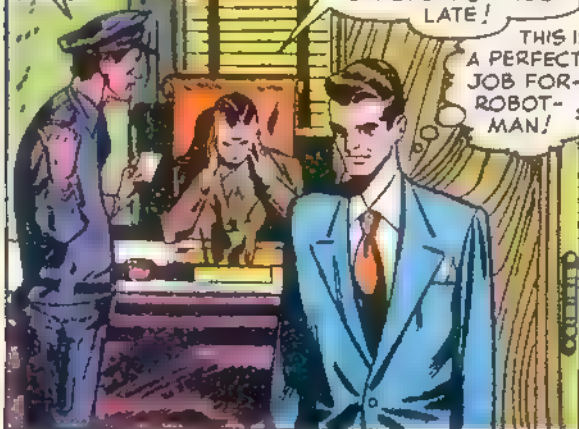
ALARM GONGS CLANG FRANTICALLY IN EMPTY FIRE HOUSES! AND HUGE RED FIRE TRUCKS WAIT, DESERTED AND SILENT, AS THE RAUCOUS SIGNALING GOES ON AND ON... UNHEEDED!

IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

FIRE ALARMS RINGING, SIR!

IT'S STARTED! THE CITY'S FIRE-FIGHTERS GONE! AND THERE'S NO WAY TO GET THEM BACK BEFORE IT'S--TOO LATE!

THIS IS A PERFECT JOB FOR--ROBOT-MAN!

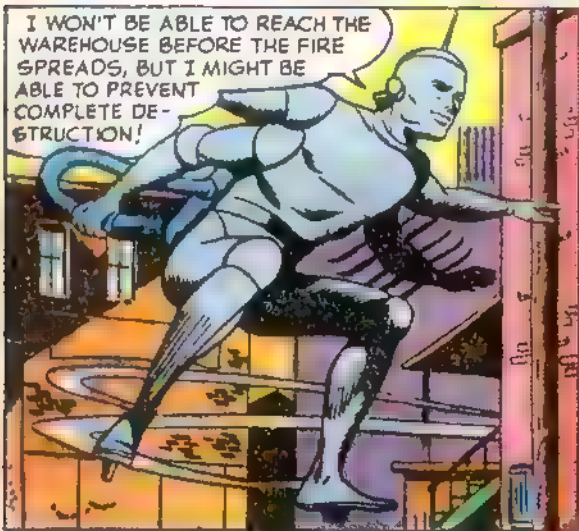


SECONDS LATER, IN HIS SPECIAL CAR, PAUL DENNIS SHEDS HIS PLASTIC DISGUISE TO REVEAL HIMSELF AS **ROBOTMAN**, MAN OF METAL, WITH A HUMAN BRAIN...

THESE SPECIAL FIRE-FIGHTING ARMS I'M ATTACHING TO MY BODY WILL MAKE IT EASY FOR ME TO MOVE IN ON THAT WAREHOUSE FIRE!

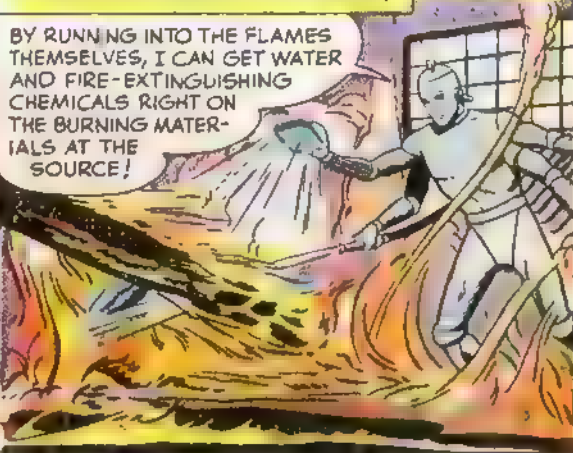


I WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH THE WAREHOUSE BEFORE THE FIRE SPREADS, BUT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PREVENT COMPLETE DESTRUCTION!

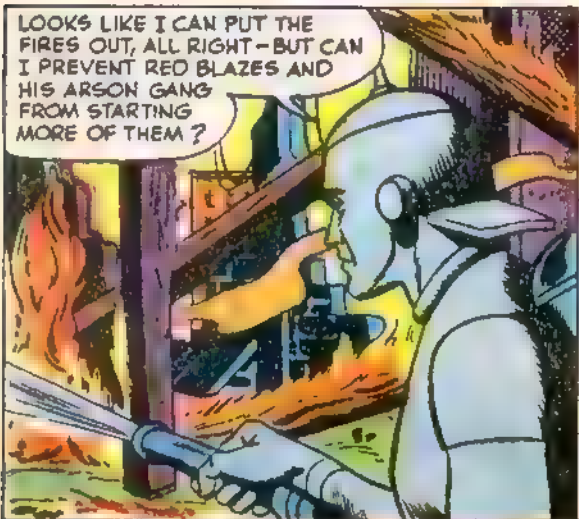


RACING WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, THANKS TO JETS ON HIS FEET, THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN OF IRON TRIES A NEW FIRE-FIGHTING TECHNIQUE...

BY RUNNING INTO THE FLAMES THEMSELVES, I CAN GET WATER AND FIRE-EXTINGUISHING CHEMICALS RIGHT ON THE BURNING MATERIALS AT THE SOURCE!



LOOKS LIKE I CAN PUT THE FIRES OUT, ALL RIGHT--BUT CAN I PREVENT RED BLAZES AND HIS ARSON GANG FROM STARTING MORE OF THEM?



OH-OH! HOLD EVERYTHING! MAYBE I'VE FOUND EVIDENCE... THAT WILL HELP ME STOP THOSE FIRES... OR HELP ME CONVICT THE CRIMINAL RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM!

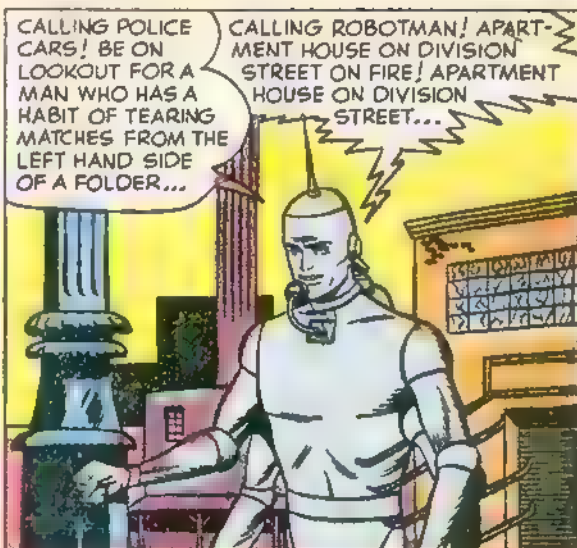


A MATCH FOLDER! THE MATCHES ARE TORN FROM THE LEFT SIDE, INDICATING THAT A LEFT-HANDED MAN TORE THEM OUT, AND RED BLAZES IS LEFT-HANDED!



CALLING POLICE CARS! BE ON LOOKOUT FOR A MAN WHO HAS A HABIT OF TEARING MATCHES FROM THE LEFT HAND SIDE OF A FOLDER...

CALLING ROBOTMAN! APARTMENT HOUSE ON DIVISION STREET ON FIRE! APARTMENT HOUSE ON DIVISION STREET...

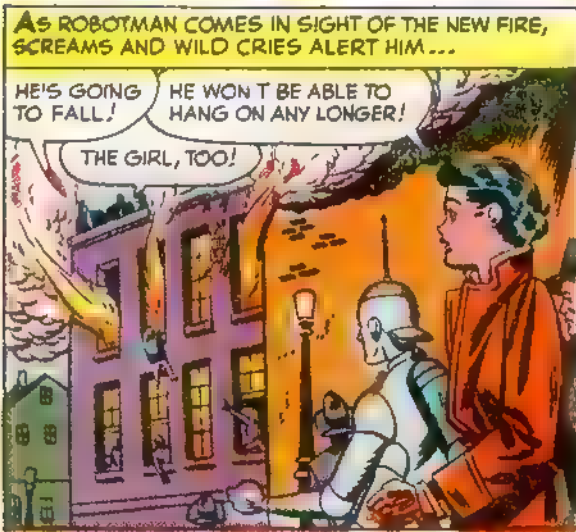


AS ROBOTMAN COMES IN SIGHT OF THE NEW FIRE, SCREAMS AND WILD CRIES ALERT HIM...

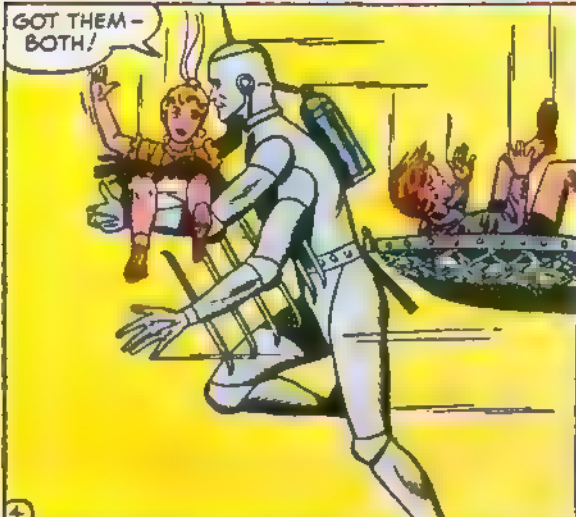
HE'S GOING TO FALL!

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HANG ON ANY LONGER!

THE GIRL, TOO!

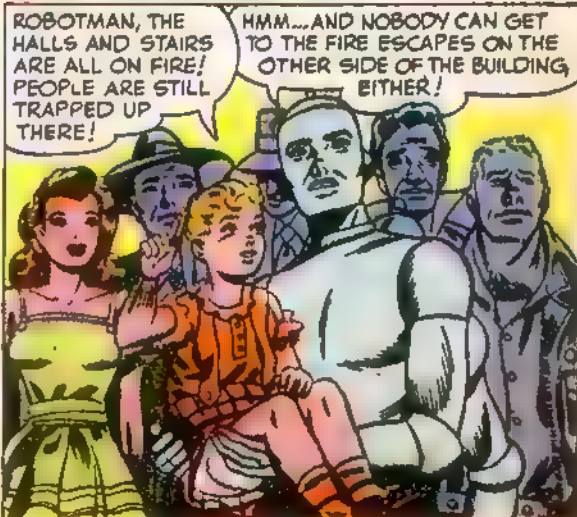


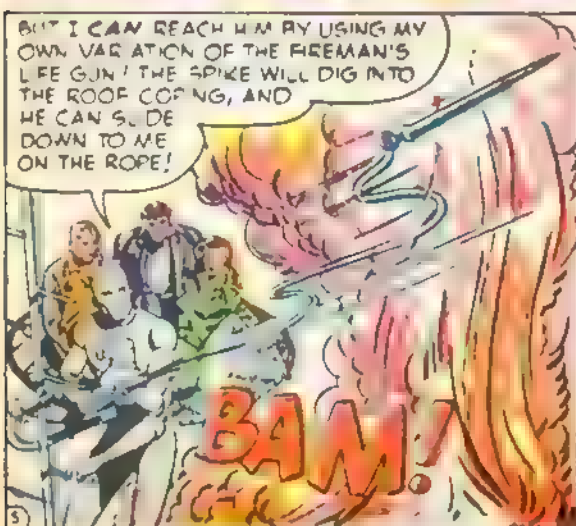
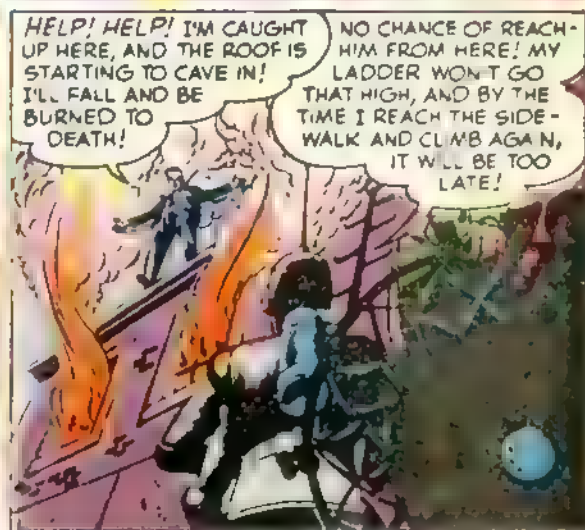
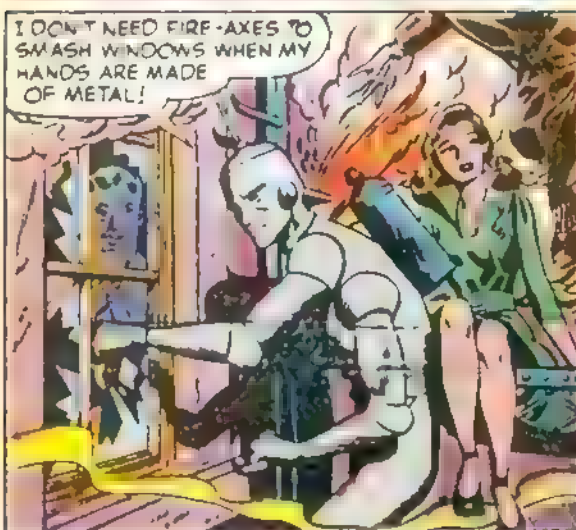
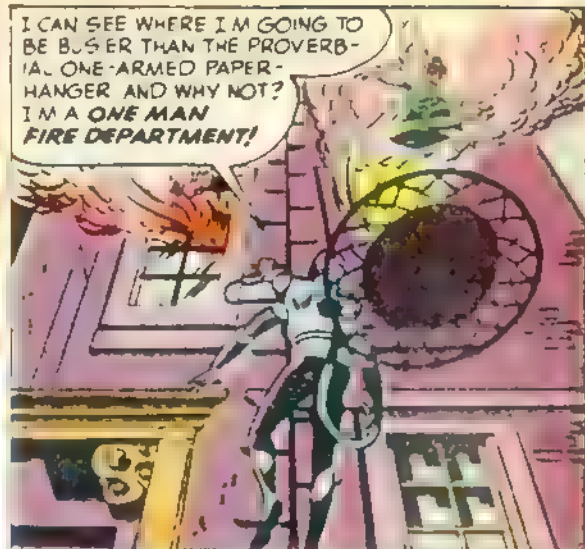
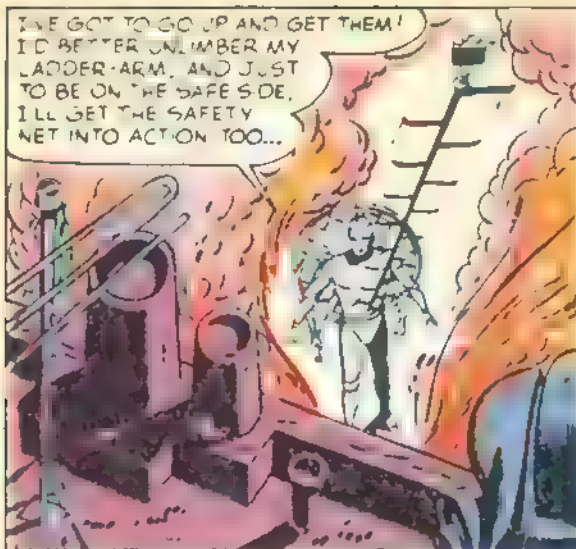
GOT THEM - BOTH!



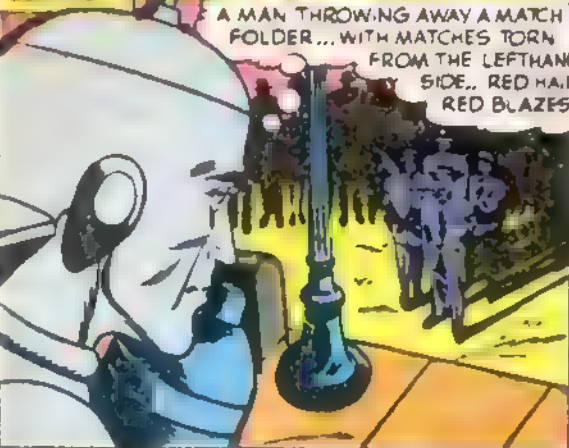
ROBOTMAN, THE HALLS AND STAIRS ARE ALL ON FIRE! PEOPLE ARE STILL TRAPPED UP THERE!

HMM...AND NOBODY CAN GET TO THE FIRE ESCAPES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING EITHER!



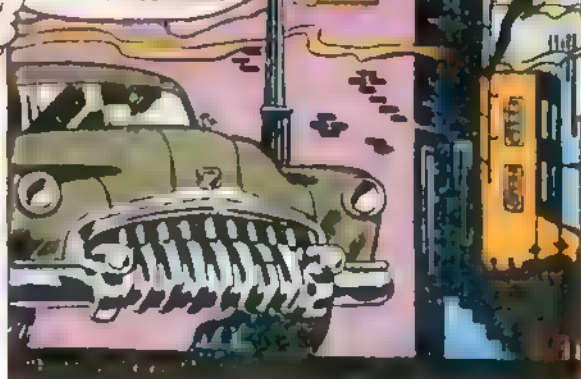


AS ROBOTMAN SAVELS HIS METAL HEAD TO MAKE SURE HE BRINGS HIS HUMAN CARGO DOWN SAFELY, HIS POWERFUL MECHANICAL EYES FOCUS ON RED BLAZES...

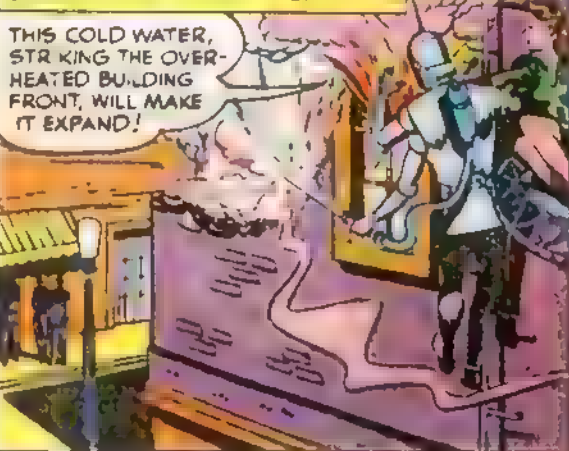


A MAN THROWING AWAY A MATCH FOLDER... WITH MATCHES TORN FROM THE LEFT HAND SIDE... RED HAIR! RED BLAZES!

THE CAR IS STARTING! THEY'LL BE DRIVING AWAY FROM HERE! IF I DON'T GET THEM NOW, I NEVER WILL! BUT HOW CAN I? I CAN'T LET THESE PEOPLE FALL! WHY - OF COURSE!



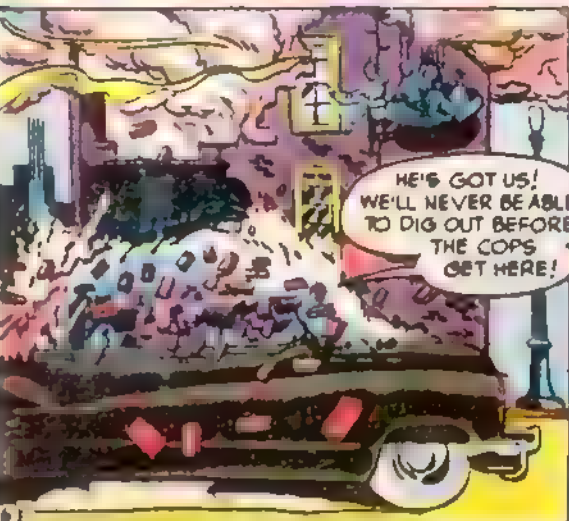
AS ROBOTMAN DESCENDS THE LADDER-ARM, HIS HOSE-ARM SPRAYS THE FRONT OF THE BURNING BUILDING WITH A STREAM OF WATER.



THIS COLD WATER, STRIKING THE OVER-HEATED BUILDING FRONT, WILL MAKE IT EXPAND!



THIS EXPANSION FORCES THE BUILDING FRONT OUTWARD, AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE BUILDING! UNBALANCED, THE BUILDING FRONT WILL FALL FORWARD!

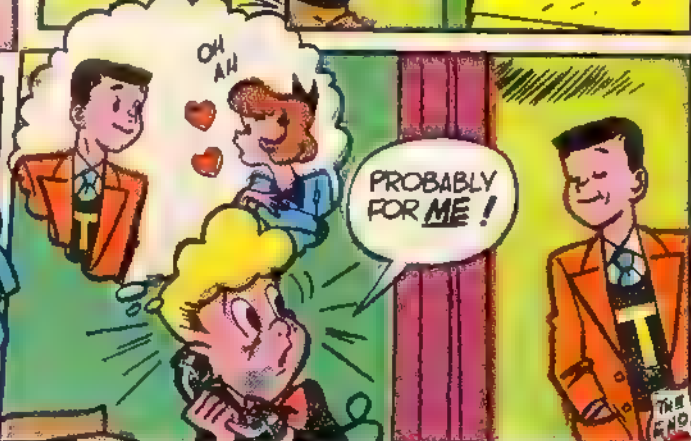
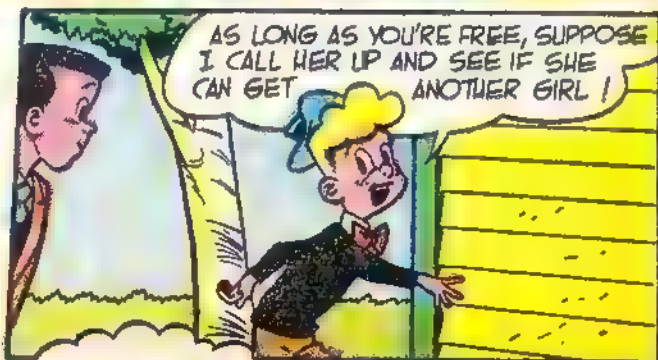
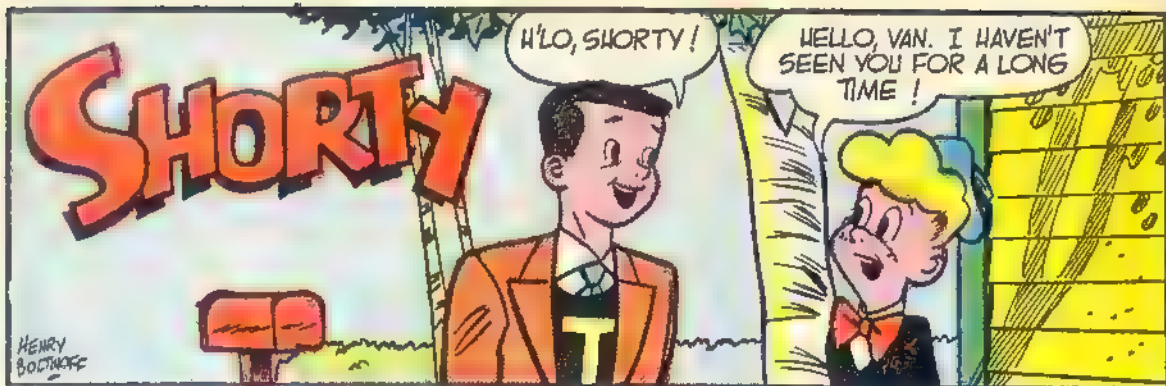


HE'S GOT US! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DIG OUT BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!

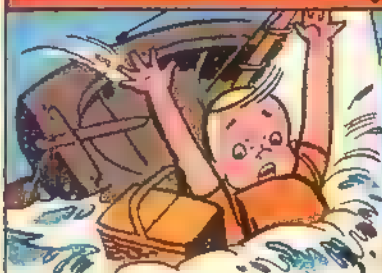
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! DANGER'S OVER. CASE IS CLOSED! HMM... COME TO THINK OF IT, I WONDER IF VILLA HILLS' FIRE DEPARTMENT NEEDS A GOOD PITCHER ON THEIR BALL CLUB - A REGULAR IRON MAN!



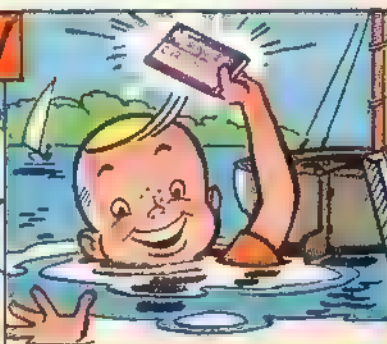
The End



OVERBOARD ABOUT IT!



A squall hits Neddy Nestle's boat and spills the picnic lunch—



but all's not lost! They're still afloat and Neddy saves the **CRUNCH!**

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...



DOVER AND CLOVER

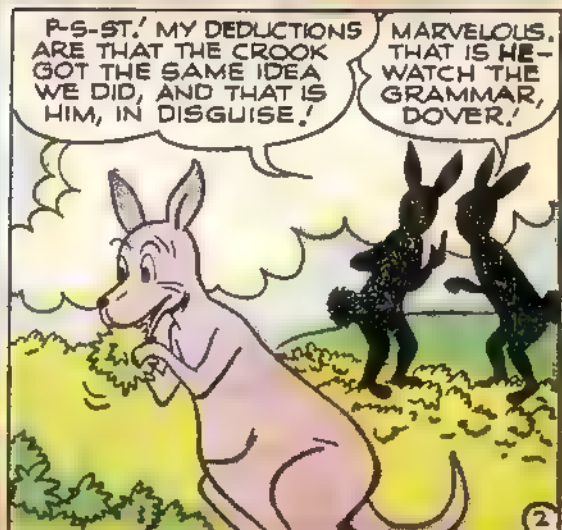
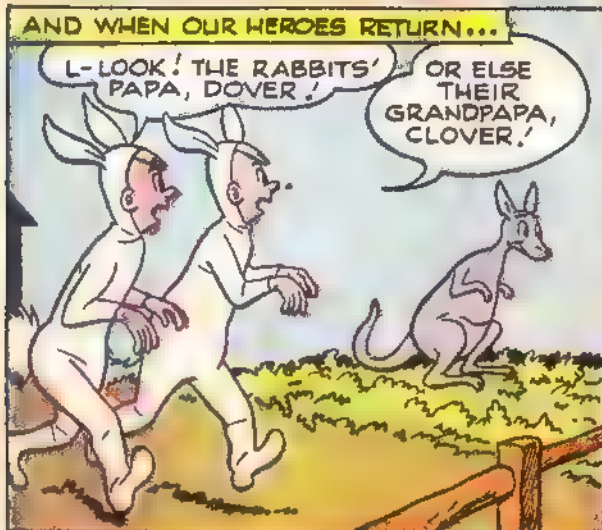
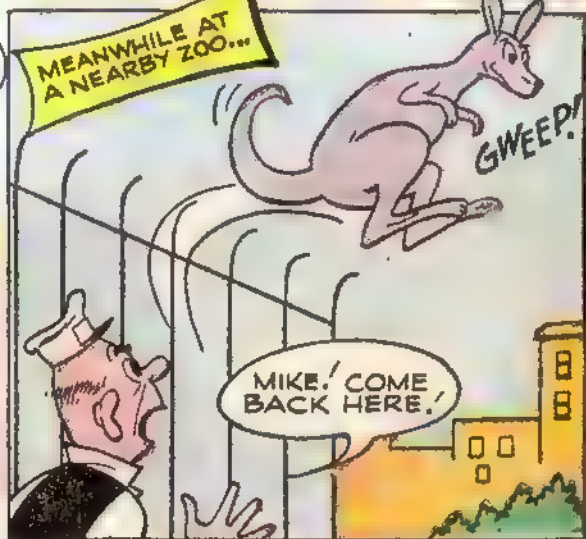
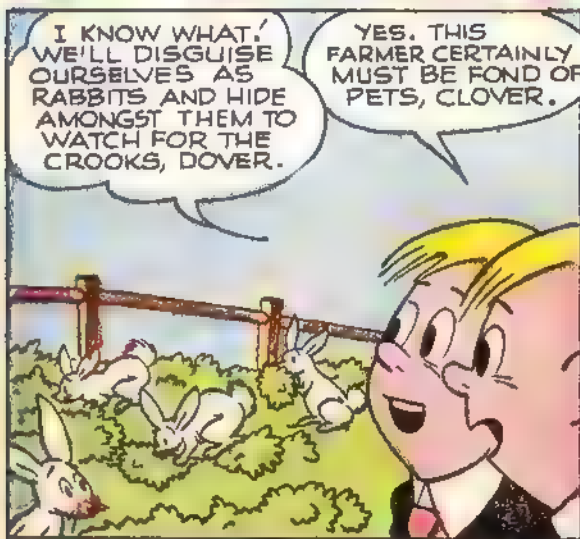
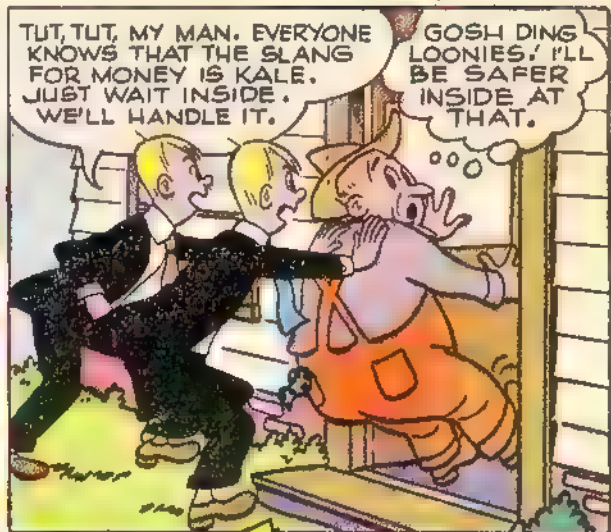
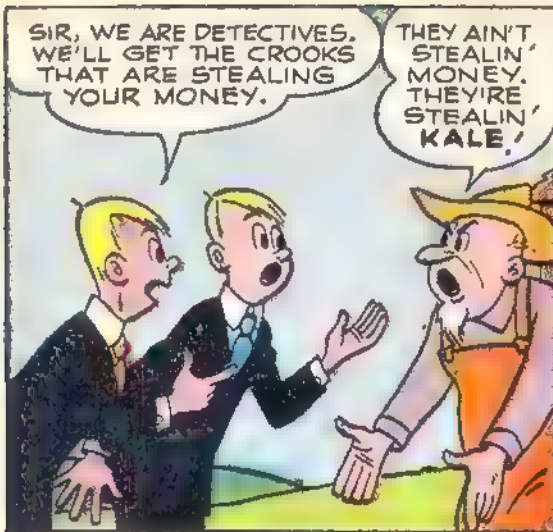
TWICE AS GOOD AS ONE DETECTIVE BECAUSE THEY ARE TWINS!

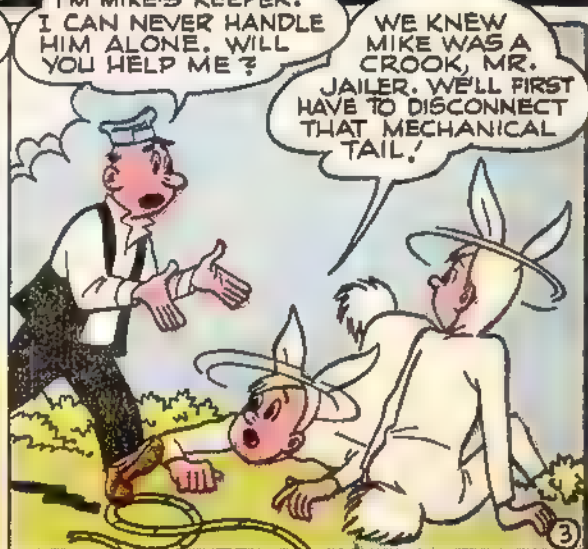
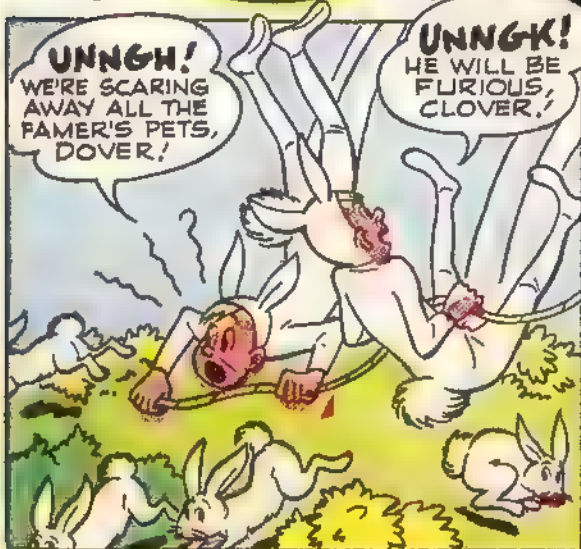
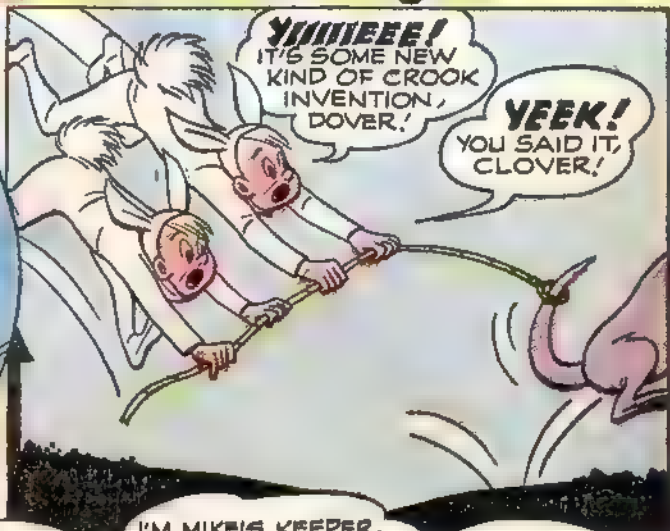
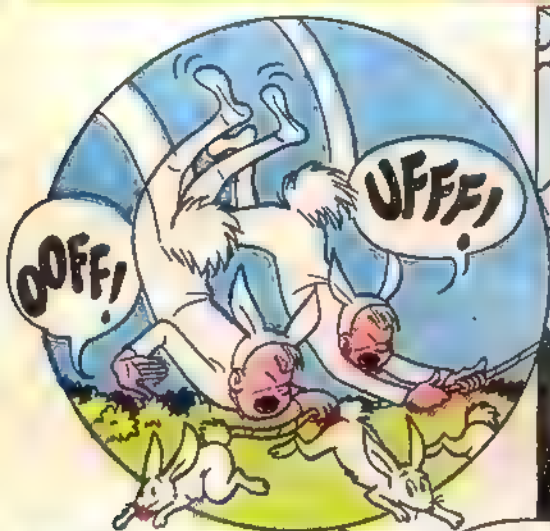
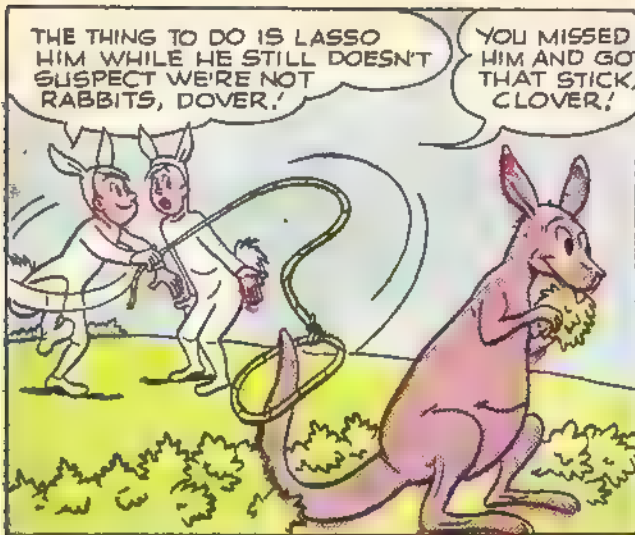
DOVER AND CLOVER, THOSE TWO GREAT DEFECTIVES—ER—DETECTIVES—OUGHT TO KNOW THEIR ONIONS BY THIS TIME—BUT IT TURNS OUT THEY DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN...
"CABBAGES AND KALE!"

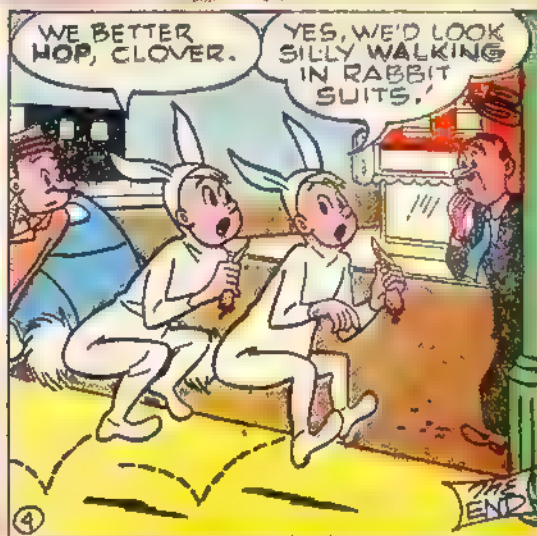
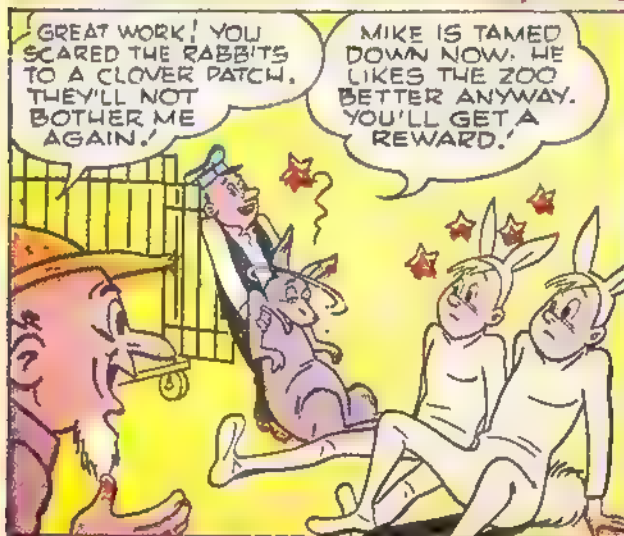
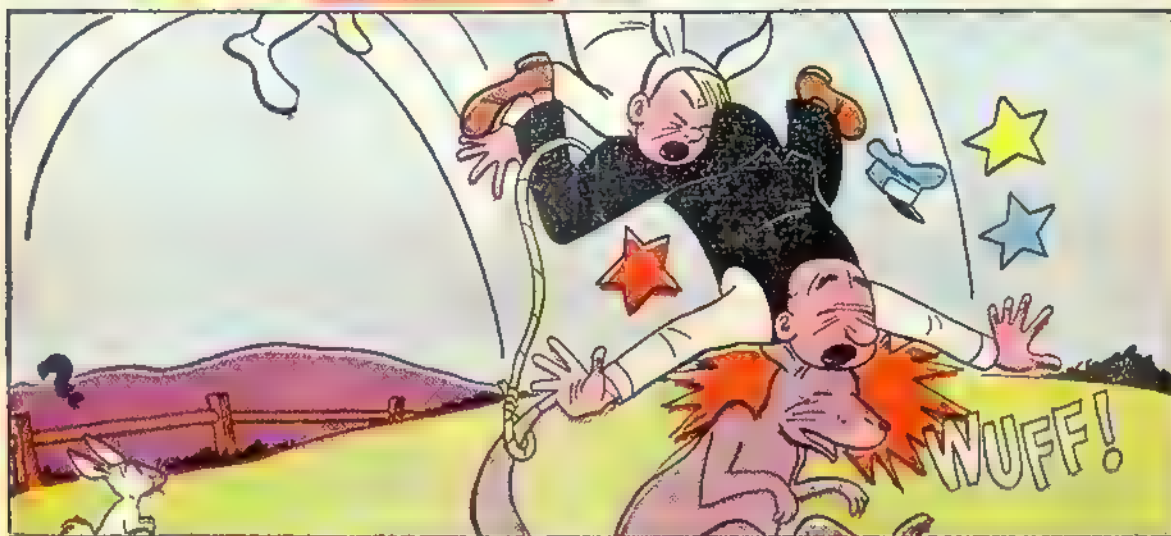
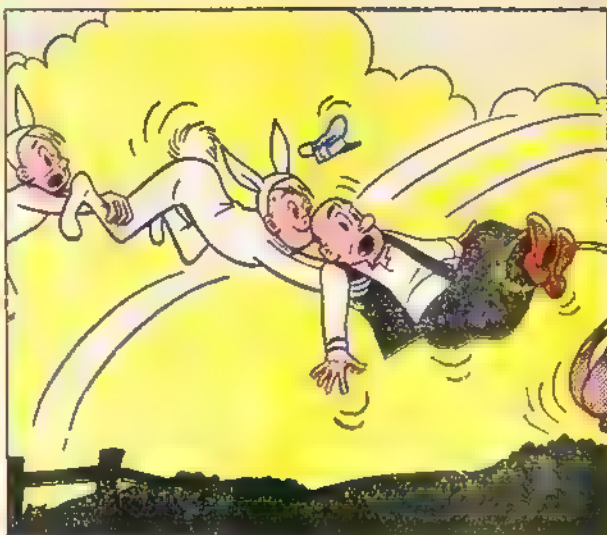
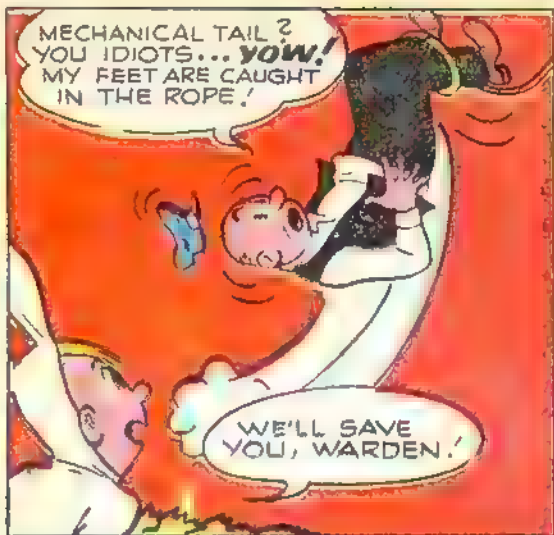
DERN RABBITS. THEY'RE EATIN' UP ALL THE KALE, GIT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SI?

THE PESKY VARMINTS ARE STEALIN' ALL MY KALE!









Let 'em eat wood

YOU will probably agree that human life is the most valuable thing on earth. And you will also agree that up till now, we haven't treated this precious commodity in a particularly civilized fashion. After putting an end to about 20,000,000 lives by the fearful man-made instrument called war, we have also left a great part of the surviving world's populations without the barest necessities of food, clothing and shelter.

In a world that is fully capable of supporting at least its present population of some four billion people in a good way, we see instead shortages of raw materials, terrible waste of natural resources, lack of agricultural implements to help fill the world's stomachs, and dire lack of means in treating many of the commonest diseases.

The hero of our story is the chemist of tomorrow. For it is he and his colleagues who may provide the answers to the world's problems. This, of course, presuming that the great question of war and peace may be settled for once and all by the time chemists get down to the vital task of making the world a better place in which to live.

The chemist who concerns himself with the world of the day-after-tomorrow hopes that through his efforts, the world may be a comfortable, self-sustaining place to be, providing for its multitudes good homes, adequate food, sufficient clothing, and peace of mind. This last, of course, depends not only on the scientist, but on the good will of all.

One of the grim truths we must face about this planet on which we live is that it is fast running out of the natural resources we have always taken for granted. You may say, "but surely we have enough of many raw materials, such as coal and iron!"

We haven't. It is true that we have used only two percent of the coal in this country. But 58% of the oil is used up and gone forever. We have used and largely wasted 31% of the iron ore. We are poor in copper, with only 40% left now. Only 34% of the zinc we had now remains, only 30% of the tungsten, 15% of both lead and silver and a mere 3% of the mercury.

True enough, we can make oil out of coal. The suitable parts of our coal reserve would give us liquid fuel for a thousand to three thousand years at our estimated 1965 consumption. But we have always underestimated our future needs, and coal may provide only 100 years of liquid fuel supply at the rate that we may be consuming it in 1995, less than 50 years from now.

But this is not the only use for coal. We need it for making synthetic products. And more important, it may be needed for food. Food, you say? Surely we can't *eat* coal. Well, not directly. But fats of the future may be made from coal and that may be the most important use of coal for our descendants. What we should do is to stop thinking about more ways to exhaust our resources and start thinking about ways to live on the energy

supplied and the materials that are inexhaustible.

An example of reckless waste today is the automobile. It requires much scarce valuable metal, won from the ores so laboriously. When a few ounces of metal are worn from the 300 pounds of motor and running gear, the machine is pronounced unfit and junked. Much precious metal is thus carried down to the sea as sediment, lost forever to new uses. We are eroding our land, destroying our soil, wasting our forests and using our mineral deposits. We should pay attention to using what can be replaced instead of what, once used, is gone forever.

Well, we ask, what about food for the future? It is believed that if we can solve that problem, a population of the United States of about one billion people could probably be fed. That is about seven times the number of people now in this country and, if chemists are allowed a free hand, a world population of 15 billions would not be too much to take care of under proper conservation facilities!

However, our descendants on such a crowded earth will not be eating hot dogs and ice cream. They would be too expensive from the standpoint of chemical resources.

What will future populations eat, then? Well, ordinary farming such as we now practice would not support them. It takes over a ton of food a year grown on nearly five acres of land to support *one* person today. So, in the future, people may be eating wood to a large extent. Before you decide that you would never, never eat wood, let us see how people can eat wood and be well fed.

The only way to feed the billions will be to use the world's trees for feeding people instead of using wood for houses and other building purposes. A tree is able to get its mineral nutrients from the subsoil. It absorbs

great quantities of carbon dioxide, liberates much oxygen to complete the oxygen cycle, evaporates as much as several hundred gallons of water per day which would otherwise carry dissolved minerals to the sea—and is altogether an admirable thing to have around. Unfortunately we cannot digest cellulose, as can many animals, including cows and other cud-chewers. However, we could get all our carbohydrate requirements by extracting the cellulose and turning it into simple digestible sugars.

So, having taken care of the carbohydrates of the future, how about meat? No meat for our descendants. But there must be protein for the future masses. And this offers more difficulty. It seems certain that meat and eggs will gradually vanish, for a beef steer converts only about 12% of its food to meat. It is much more sensible (if less fun) to feed the plant proteins to people directly, as the British have found in the last ten years.

And what shall the world do about providing fats for its populace? Fats are not so easily obtained from plant sources, but as we have already said, coal may very well be the answer. The Germans developed a fat substitute during the recent war, made from coal, and it was perfectly edible.

Now that we've eaten, what about clothes? That's lots easier. If we have plenty of cellulose from wood, only about 15 pounds per year of cellulose would be required for each person, in contrast with the food requirement. And, after the clothing is worn out, it will become reconverted to food!

So that's the picture for the future. If it seems dismal to you remember that the people of 3000 A.D. may be eating their old clothes, but they'll be taking trips to the moon and spinning dizzily through outer space. They'll make us look like old fogies with our ice cream and our fur coats!



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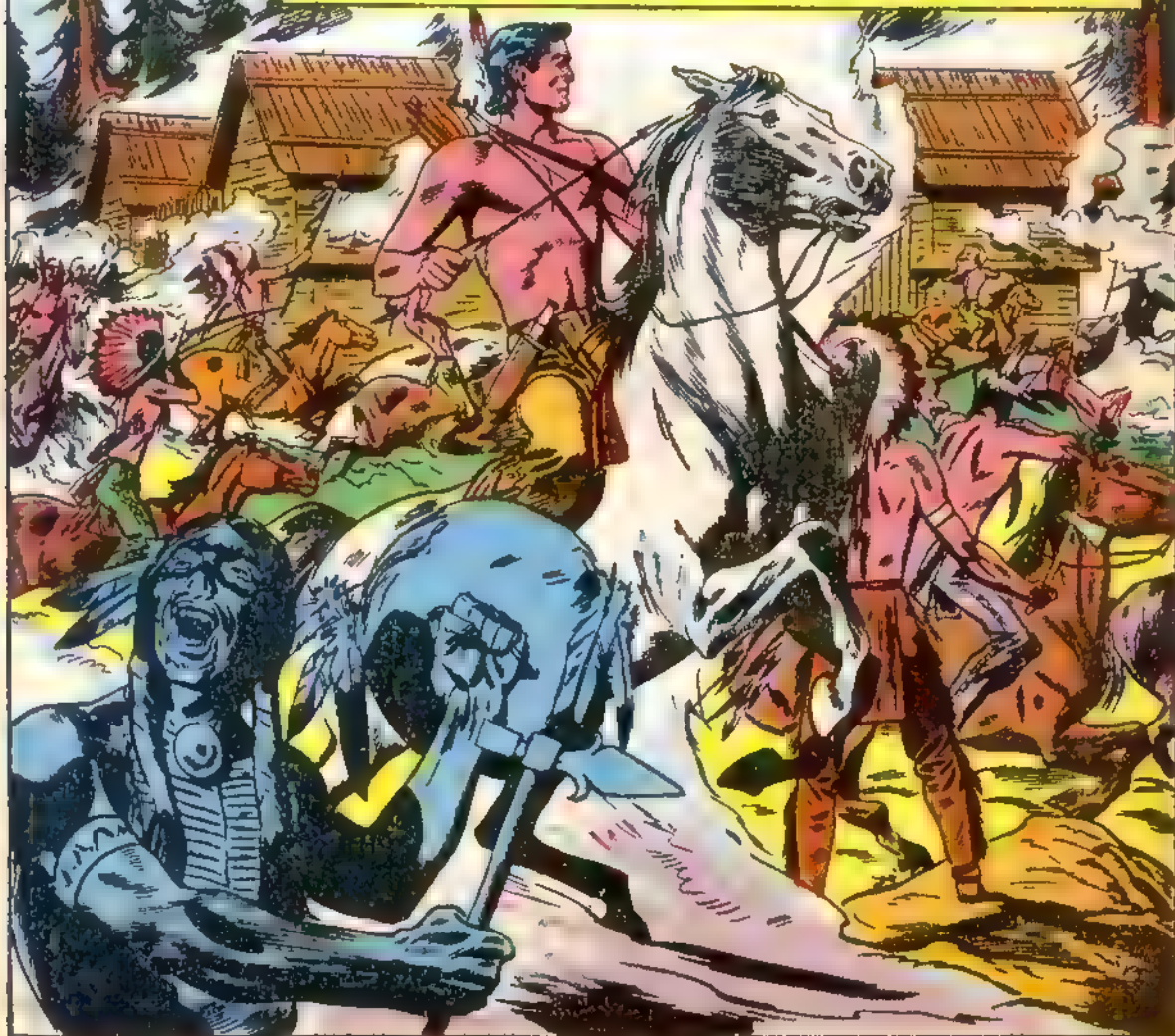
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POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN
LAW-
MAN

FORT BRAVE THEY CALLED IT, BECAUSE FOR YEARS IT WITHSTOOD MIGHTY ASSAULTS BY THE INDIANS AS THEY CAME OUT OF THE HILLS AND SWEEPED OVER THE PLAINS, RIDING DESPERATELY INTO THE FACE OF WITHERING GUNFIRE! BUT THEN THE INVINCIBLE FORT WAS SOMEHOW DESTROYED. LEGEND SAID THAT ONLY THE WINDS AND THE TUMBLEWEEDS AND THE EVER-WATCHFUL SKY KNEW HOW THE FORT HAD REALLY BEEN CONQUERED. IT WAS TO REMAIN AN ETERNAL MYSTERY UNTIL, ONE CENTURY LATER, **POW WOW SMITH--INDIAN LAWMAN--** WAS TO SOLVE ...

"The RIDDLE OF FORT BRAVE!"



THE TIME IS MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO -- AND OUT IN INDIAN TERRITORY STANDS FORT BRAVE LIKE A GAUNT, WOODEN SENTINEL...



TIME AND TIME AGAIN, FIERCE SIOUX BANDS RIDE FORTH FROM THE WOODED HILLS TO FLING THEMSELVES UNSUCCESSFULLY AGAINST THE FORT'S DEFENSES...



FOR FIVE YEARS, THE INJUNS HAVE BEEN ATTACKIN' US-- AN' FOR FIVE YEARS WE BEEN BEATIN' 'EM BACK! THIS FORT **CAN'T** BE TAKEN!

AND ALWAYS THE WHOOPING ATTACKERS RIDE OFF IN DEFEAT, UNABLE TO SMASH FORT BRAVE...

WE DID IT AGAIN! YIPPEEE! WE WON!



THEN ONE DAY A WAGON TRAIN, DESTINED FOR FORT BRAVE, RUMBLES ACROSS A STARTLING SCENE...

FORT BRAVE! IT'S BEEN DESTROYED!

NOT A LIVIN' SOUL AROUND ANYWHERE! **EVERYONE'S** DEAD! THE DEFENDERS AND THE ATTACKERS!



THE INJUNS FINALLY GOT OL' FORT BRAVE! SHE'S BURNED TO A CINDER!

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT! I WAS HERE FOR THREE YEARS-- AN' THIS WAS **ONE** FORT THE INJUNS **COULDN'T** BEAT! BESIDES, EVEN THE INJUNS ARE DEAD! HOW WAS THE FORT DESTROYED?



THE COURAGEOUS, HISTORIC FORT IS NEVER FORGOTTEN -- THOUGH THE SHIFTING SANDS BURY THE LAST CHARRED REMNANTS FROM SIGHT...

TELL US ABOUT THE MYSTERY OF FORT BRAVE, GRAN'PA!

NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW HOW THE INJUNS BEAT 'EM THAT DAY! BECAUSE EVEN THE INJUNS WAS ALL KILLED! NOBODY KNEW HOW THE FORT GOT BURNED!



THE TIME IS MORE THAN A CENTURY LATER, AND A NEW TYPE OF CARAVAN MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS SCORCHED GROUND-- A CARAVAN OF SHINY NEW CARS AND TRUCKS FROM HOLLYWOOD...

ACCORDING TO THE MAP, BOYS, THE SITES JUST UP AHEAD!



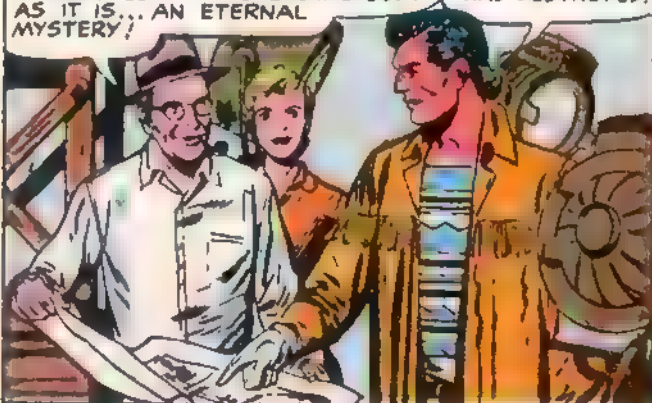
AMONG THOSE PRESENT IS POW WOW SMITH, FAMED INDIAN LAWMAN CALLED IN BY THE MOVIE-MAKERS AS A TECHNICAL ADVISER...

THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT! WE'LL START BUILDING AN EXACT REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL FORT BRAVE AT ONCE--AND WE'LL NEED PLENTY OF HELP FROM YOU ON THE DETAILS, POW WOW!



WORKING FROM OLD ENGRAVINGS AND PRINTS, WE CAN CONSTRUCT A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF THE FORT! AND WHEN WE TELL ITS HISTORY IN OUR MOVIE--"SIEGE!"--WE'LL LEAVE THE ENDING JUST AS IT IS... AN ETERNAL MYSTERY!

VERY TRUE! NOBODY CAN EVER GUESS JUST HOW THE FORT WAS DESTROYED!



IN THE LEGENDS OF MY PEOPLE, IT IS WHISPERED THAT NO MAN KNOWS THE ANSWER! THOSE INDIANS WHO WENT ON THE RAID WERE SLAIN AND THOSE WHO REMAINED BEHIND KNEW NOTHING... EXCEPT THAT THREE BIG KNIVES (PALEFACES) HAD BETRAYED THEIR OWN PEOPLE! THAT IS ALL THE LEGENDS SAY!



SOON, GREAT TREES ARE FELLED TO CONSTRUCT THE SECOND FORT BRAVE AND WHEN ONE GIANT OAK TOPPLES A BAFFLING SIGHT OCCURS...

WE WERE CUTTIN' THE TREE AN' THOUGHT WE SCRAPED AGAINST METAL--BUT WE FORGOT ABOUT IT! THEN WHEN THE TREE FELL, WE FOUND THIS!

AN OLD MUSKET, BURIED IN THE HEART OF THE TRUNK! LET ME PRY IT LOOSE!



ABRUPTLY...

WHAT'S THAT IN THE MUSKET BARREL?

A PIECE OF PAPER ROLLED UP! AND IT'S INTACT--AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!



IT'S A MAP! IT SEEMS TO BE THE SAME TERRAIN ON WHICH THE FORT WAS BUILT!

HOW ON EARTH COULD ANYBODY HAVE HIDDEN A BROKEN MUSKET IN THE CENTER OF A TREE, WITHOUT LEAVING SIGNS OF HAVING HACKED THE TRUNK? AND WHAT IS THE MAP ALL ABOUT?



THE AREA MARKED BY THE "X" IS SPADED UP, AND...

JUST A BUNCH OF OLD RUSTY KETTLES! AN' THERE'S NOTHIN' VALUABLE IN EM! SHALL WE KEEP DIGGIN'?

GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN UNCOVER A FEW ANTIQUES! I'VE GOT A MOVIE DEADLINE TO MEET!

AND END UP IN CHINA? DON'T BOTHER! WE'VE



SOON, FORT BRAVE RISES ONCE MORE, AND, JUST LIKE IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO, INDIANS WEARING HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP FOR WAR-PAINT, RIDE TO THE ATTACK...



THE REHEARSAL COME OFF ALL RIGHT, POW WOW?

YES -- BUT THE DEFENDERS WILL HAVE TO HOLD THEIR FIRE A LITTLE LONGER! EXPERIENCE PIONEERS WOULDN'T WASTE POWDER ON LONG-RANGE SHOOTING!



THE NEXT STEP IS TO FILM SOME REAL TRIBAL COLOR, POW WOW! THE SCRIPT CALLS FOR A SCENE WHERE THE MEDICINE MAN "HEALS" A WOUNDED BRAVE! COULD YOU TAKE THE PART OF THE BRAVE?

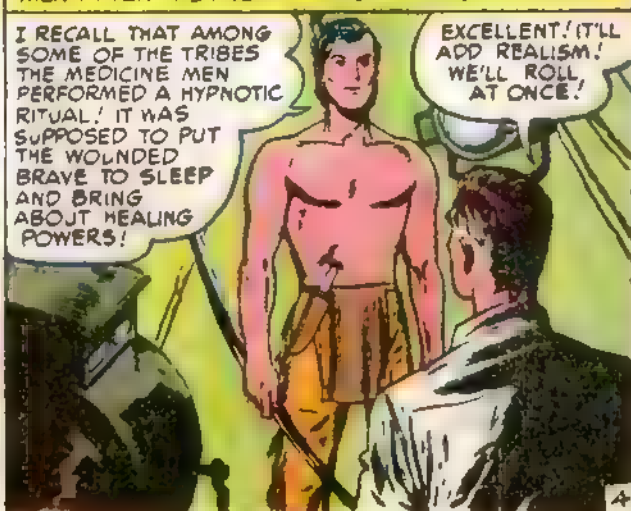
CERTAINLY! I'LL GET DRESSED AT ONCE!



THEN AFTER THE MIGHTY SIOUX WARRIOR IS READY...

I RECALL THAT AMONG SOME OF THE TRIBES THE MEDICINE MEN PERFORMED A HYPNOTIC RITUAL! IT WAS SUPPOSED TO PUT THE WOUNDED BRAVE TO SLEEP AND BRING ABOUT HEALING POWERS!

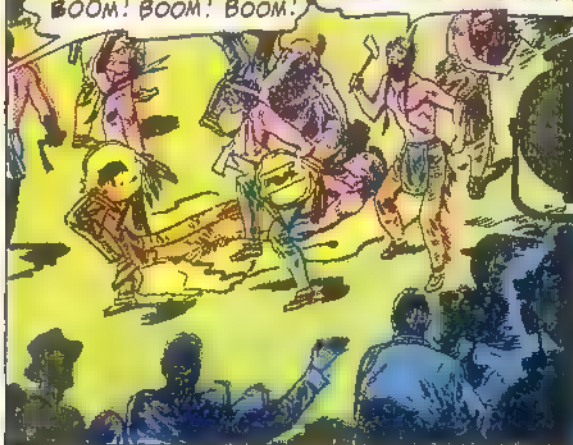
EXCELLENT! IT'LL ADD REALISM! WE'LL ROLL AT ONCE!



DRUMS BEAT OUT A STEADY, RHYTHMIC TATTOO, WHILE THE WARRIORS DANCE AROUND THE FIRES, CHANTING...

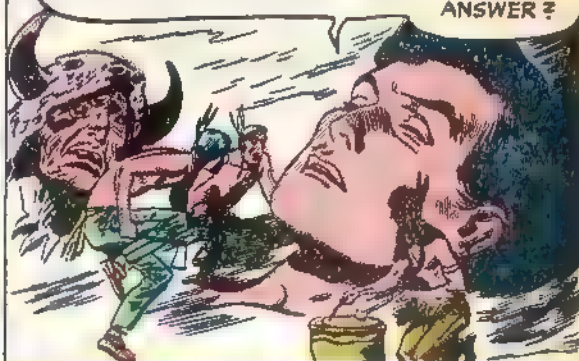
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

WHU-WHU-WHU-WHU...



THE MONOTONOUS BEAT OF THE DRUMS RINGS IN THE INDIAN DETECTIVE'S EARS; THE SHADOWS DANCE DIZZILY BEFORE HIM--AND SLOWLY, SLOWLY, HE IS CAUGHT IN A STRANGE SPELL... AND HIS MIND WANDERS...

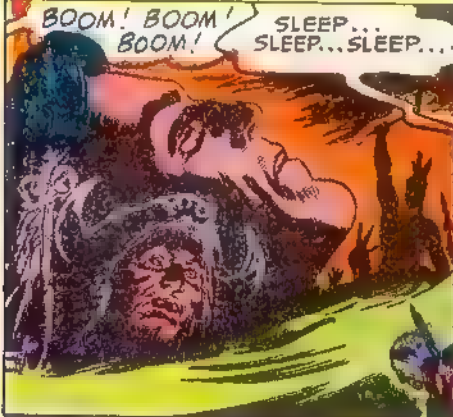
THREE TRAITOROUS MEN... A MUSKET BURIED IN A TREE... A MAP WITH AN X ON IT! WHAT IS THE ANSWER?



THE DRUMS SOUND FAINTER AND FAINTER UNTIL THEY SEEM FAR AWAY, AND POW WOW SMITH APPEARS TO GROPE HIS WAY THROUGH A LOW-HANGING MIST...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

SLEEP... SLEEP... SLEEP...



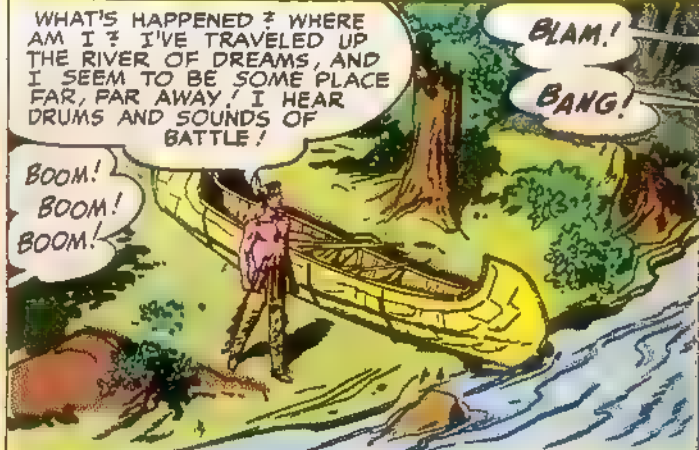
SUDDENLY THE MIST CLEARS AND POW WOW SMITH-- DESCENDANT OF MIGHTY CHIEFTAINS, FINDS HIMSELF ALONE IN A STRANGE FOREST...

WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE AM I? I'VE TRAVELED UP THE RIVER OF DREAMS, AND I SEEM TO BE SOME PLACE FAR, FAR AWAY! I HEAR DRUMS AND SOUNDS OF BATTLE!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

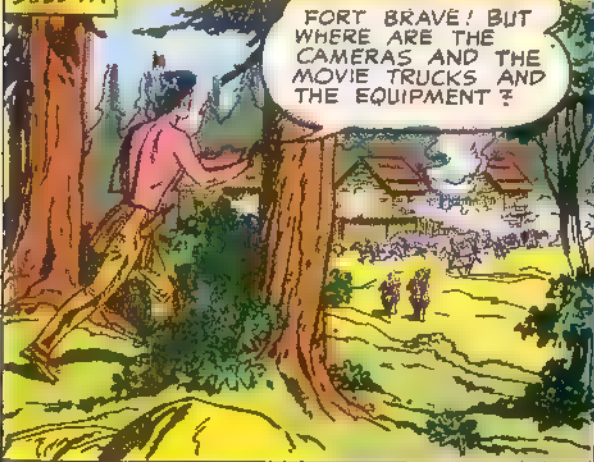
BLAM!

BANG!



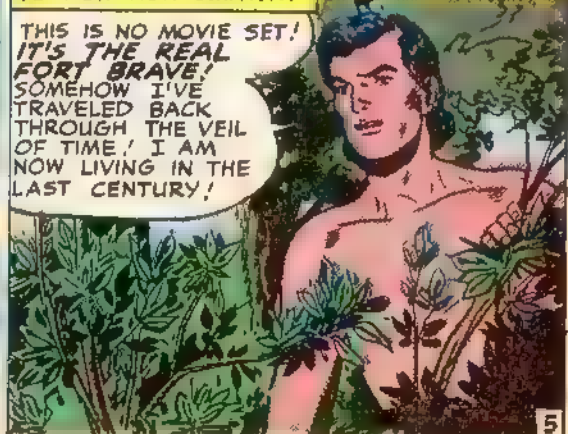
FOLLOWING THE SOUNDS, HE REACHES A ROCKY RISE, LOOKS OUT ACROSS THE PLAINS, AND SEES...

FORT BRAVE! BUT WHERE ARE THE CAMERAS AND THE MOVIE TRUCKS AND THE EQUIPMENT?



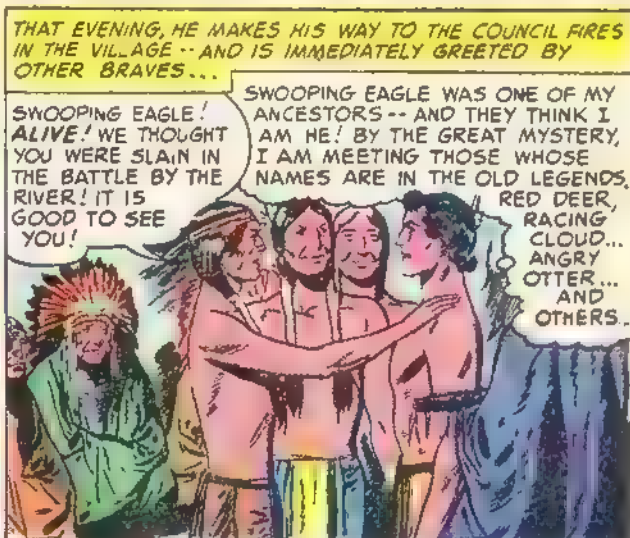
NOW THE LONG SLEEP, THE TRAVEL UP THE RIVER OF DREAMS, AND THE WANDERING THROUGH THE MISTS ARE SUDDENLY CLEAR TO POW WOW SMITH...

THIS IS NO MOVIE SET! IT'S THE REAL FORT BRAVE! SOMEHOW I'VE TRAVELED BACK THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME! I AM NOW LIVING IN THE LAST CENTURY!





AH! THE WARRIORS RETREAT! THE FORT IS TOO STRONG FOR THEM! I AM SEEING HISTORY MADE! I AM SEEING AN ATTACK ON FORT BRAVE THAT OCCURRED MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO! NOW--I MUST JOIN MY PEOPLE AND LEARN THE REST!



SWOOPING EAGLE! ALIVE! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE SLAIN IN THE BATTLE BY THE RIVER! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU!

SWOOPING EAGLE WAS ONE OF MY ANCESTORS-- AND THEY THINK I AM HE! BY THE GREAT MYSTERY, I AM MEETING THOSE WHOSE NAMES ARE IN THE OLD LEGENDS, RED DEER, RACING CLOUD... ANGRY OTTER... AND OTHERS.

ABRUPTLY, THREE HORSEMEN ARRIVE TO SIT BY THE COUNCIL FIRES...



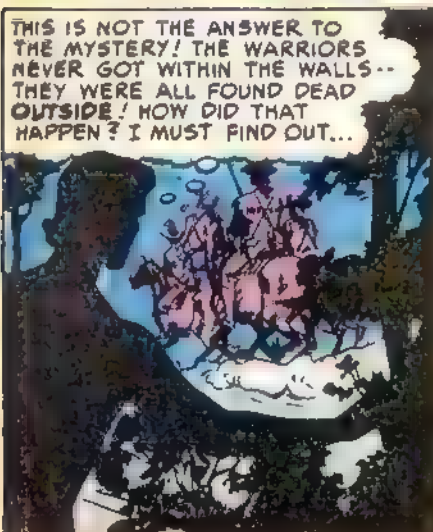
WE JUST SLIPPED OUT OF FORT BRAVE, CHIEF! THEY KNOW THEY'RE INVINCIBLE AND THAT YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM! NOW THEY PLAN TO ATTACK YOU!

BIG KNIVES! THERE ARE THREE OF THEM-- JUST AS THE LEGENDS SAY! THEY ARE THE TRAITORS!

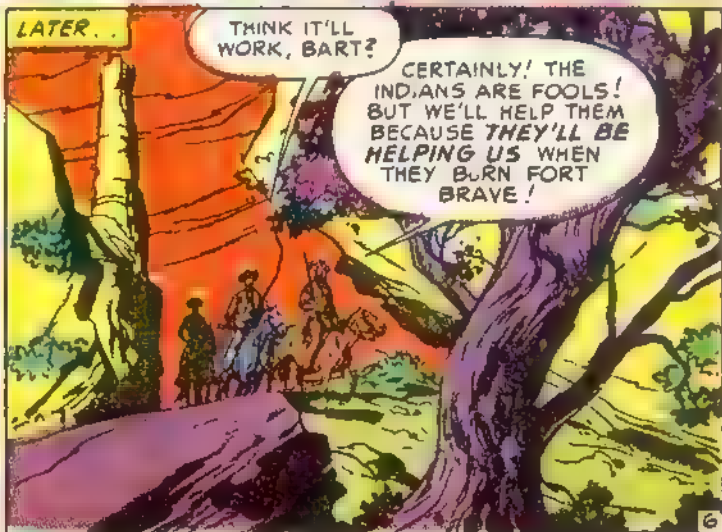


MANY OF MY WARRIORS HAVE DIED! IT IS BEST THAT WE FLEE!

NO! YOU CAN TAKE THE FORT-- FOR WE WILL HELP YOU! WHEN THE OTHERS ARE BUSY FIGHTING, WE SHALL SET FIRE TO ALL THE BUILDINGS, THEN OPEN THE GATES FOR YOUR MEN TO RIDE IN!



THIS IS NOT THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY! THE WARRIORS NEVER GOT WITHIN THE WALLS-- THEY WERE ALL FOUND DEAD OUTSIDE! HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? I MUST FIND OUT...



LATER...

THINK IT'LL WORK, BART?

CERTAINLY! THE INDIANS ARE FOOLS! BUT WE'LL HELP THEM BECAUSE THEY'LL BE HELPING US WHEN THEY BURN FORT BRAVE!

WE AREN'T SO BAD OFF AFTER ALL, BOYS! HA! WE SPENT TWO YEARS ROBBING ENOUGH GOLD TO BUY HALF THE COUNTRY-- THEN WE BURIED IT WHILE WE WENT NORTH TO ESCAPE THE LAW

YES THEN WE RETURNED TO FIND THEY HAD BUILT A FORT OVER THE HIDING PLACE! IMAGINE-- A FORT BUILT OVER A TREASURE!



WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO DIG IT UP-- BECAUSE THE SENTRIES ARE AWAKE DAY AND NIGHT! WE HAD JUST ABOUT CONSIDERED IT GONE FOREVER-- UNTIL WE THOUGHT OF THE INDIANS! THEY'LL GET RID OF THE FORT FOR US!

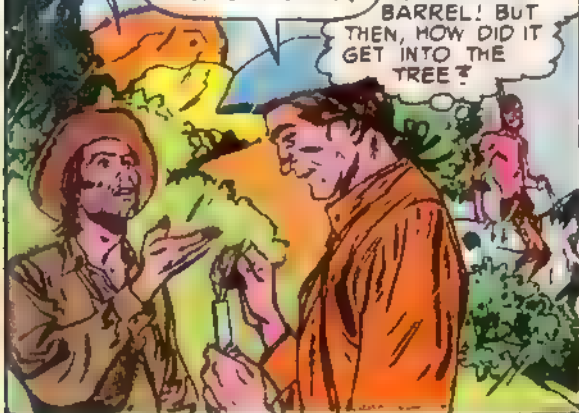
AND WHILE EVERYBODY'S SHOOTIN' AT THE INDIANS, WE CAN SET THE WHOLE PLACE ON FIRE!



IT'S STARTIN' TO RAIN!

BETTER KEEP THIS MAP IN MY MUSKET BARREL! IF IT GETS WET, IT'LL BE RUINED!

SO THAT IS THE ANSWER TO HOW A MAP APPEARED IN A MUSKET BARREL! BUT THEN, HOW DID IT GET INTO THE TREE?



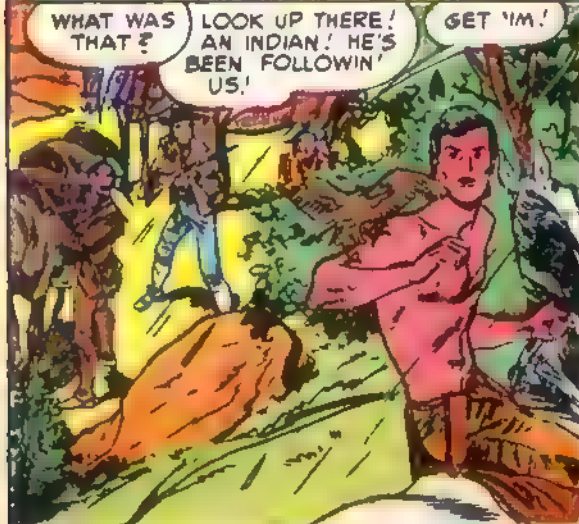
AN OWL-- UNAWARE OF THE ROLE IT WILL PLAY IN THE STRANGE DRAMA-- RETURNS FROM A NOCTURNAL FORAGE FOR FOOD AND FINDS A HUMAN CLOSE BY ITS NEST. IT BARES ITS CLAWS, UTTERS A SCREECH, AND...



WHAT WAS THAT?

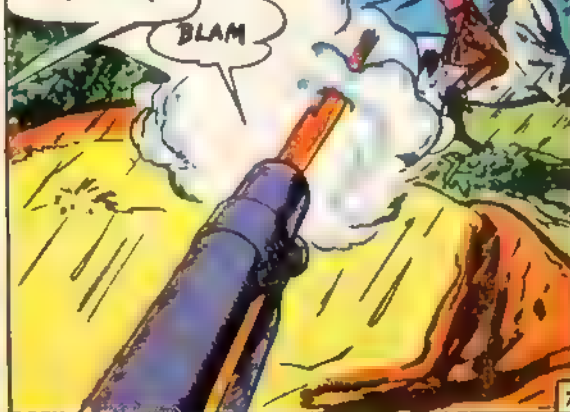
LOOK UP THERE! AN INDIAN! HE'S BEEN FOLLOWIN' US!

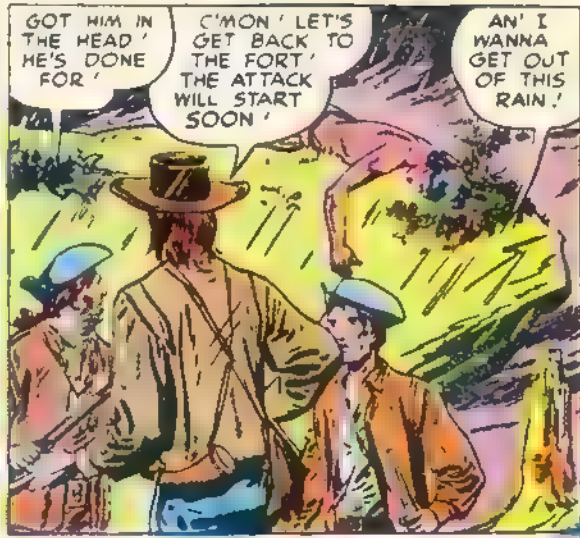
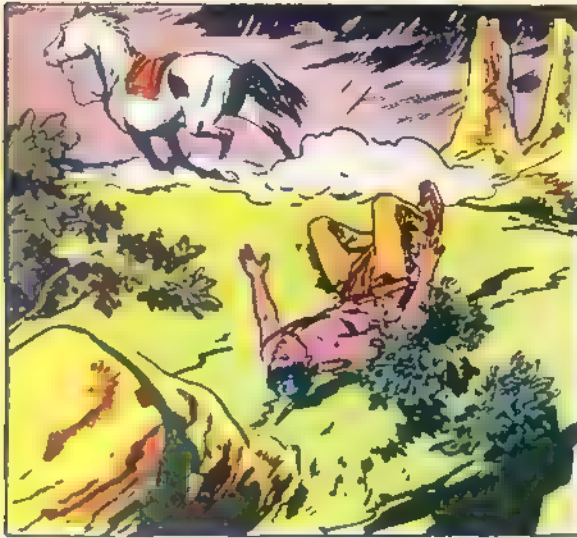
GET 'IM!



HE HEARD US TALKING! BUT HE'LL NEVER LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO UPSET OUR PLANS! GOT 'IM!

BLAM

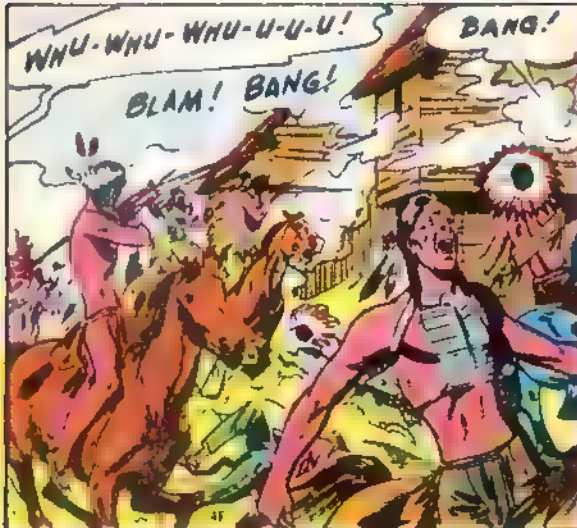
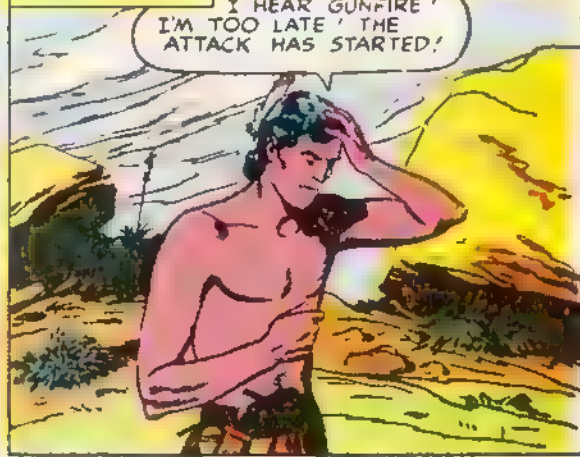




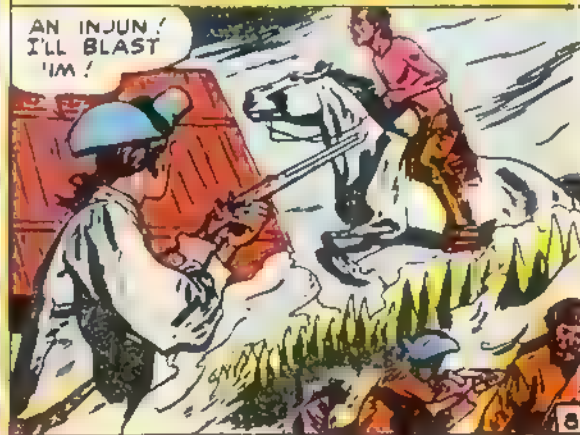
SOMETIME LATER, A WOLF CREEPS TOWARD WHAT IT THINKS IS FALLEN PREY-- THEN STANDS STILL AS THE HUMAN GETS TO ITS FEET .

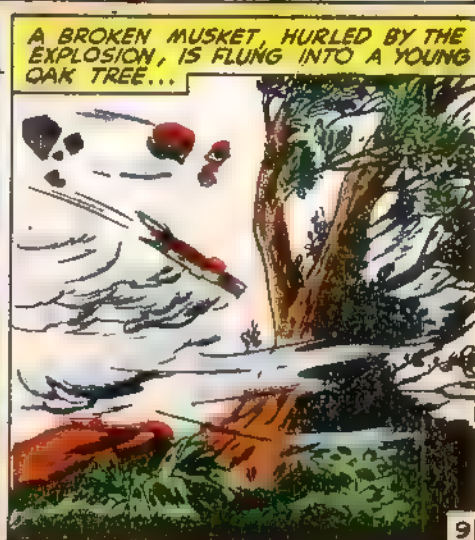
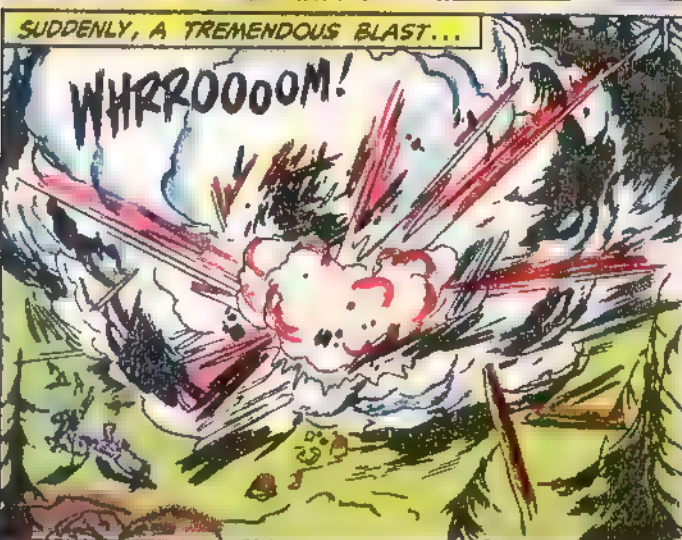
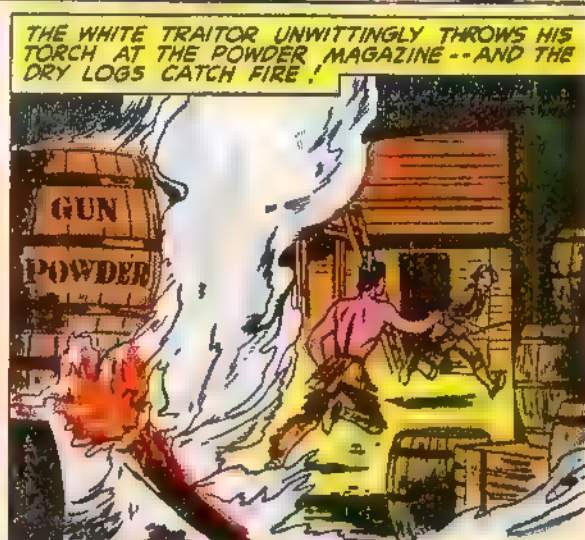
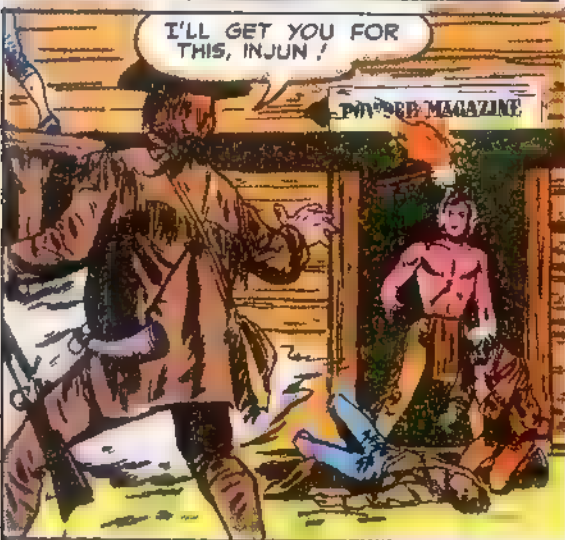
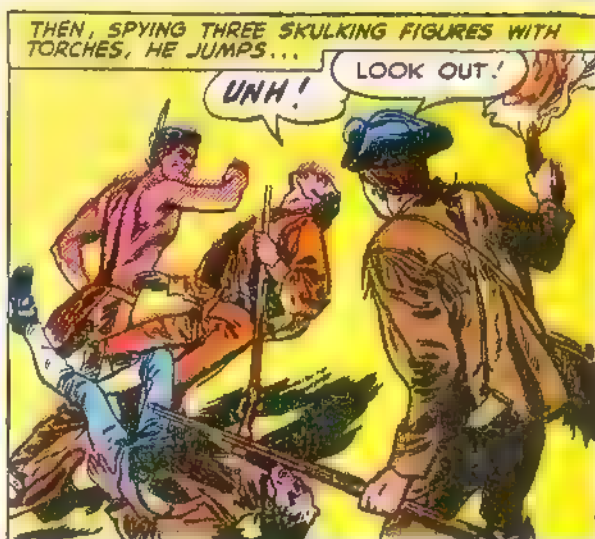
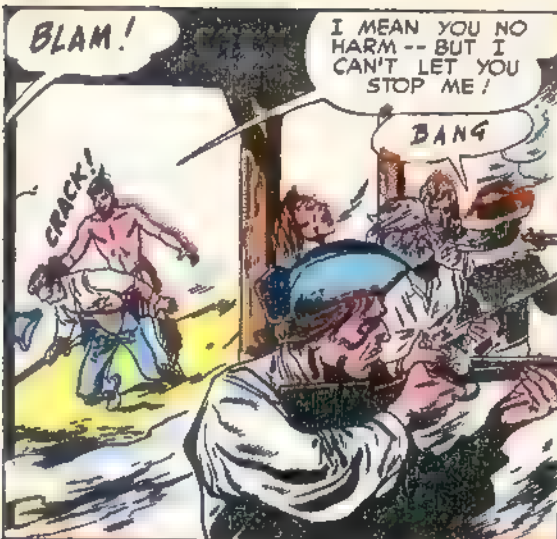


THEN THE WOLF SLINKS OFF TO HUNT ELSEWHERE -- FOR THE "DEAD" HUMAN IS VERY MUCH ALIVE...



AND OUT OF THE SWIRLING, GALLOPING FIGURES RIDES ONE WARRIOR -- TOWARD THE REAR OF THE FORT ! HE STANDS ON HIS PONY AND LEAPS, BUT A SENTRY TAKES AIM ..





AND MORE THAN A CENTURY LATER, POW WOW SMITH WAKES UP...

CUT! THE RITUAL IS OVER! EXCELLENT POW WOW -- BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME OUT OF YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE. HAVE ANY PLEASANT DREAMS?

NO...

...BUT I THINK I'VE GOT AN ENDING TO YOUR MOVIE -- I THINK I CAN ANSWER THE RIDDLE OF FORT BRAVE!

WHAT? LOOK, POW WOW, YOU'VE DONE PLENTY OF SMART DETECTIVE WORK IN YOUR CAREER BUT HOW CAN YOU SOLVE A MYSTERY MORE THAN 100 YEARS OLD?

I DON'T KNOW HOW I DID IT -- UNLESS CERTAIN CLUES I OBSERVED ON THIS SET CAME TO ME SUBCONSCIOUSLY WHILE I WAS UNDER THE SPELL -- AND WORKED THEMSELVES INTO ORDER TO EXPLAIN THE RIDDLE! LISTEN -- SUPPOSING IT WENT LIKE THIS...

"... SUPPOSING THE THREE TRAITORS MENTIONED IN THE LEGENDS WERE THIEVES WHO BURIED THEIR LOOT, MADE A MAP OF THE SPOT -- ONLY TO FIND LATER THAT A FORT HAD BEEN BUILT OVER THEIR CACHE! THEY WOULD HAVE HAD TO SCHEME TO GET THE LOOT BACK, SO..."

...THEY'D PLAN TO "HELP" THE INDIANS RAID THE FORT! THEN THEY'D SET FIRE TO THE FORT WHILE THE OTHERS WERE FIGHTING... BUT THE POWDER MAGAZINE WOULD BLOW UP AND DESTROY EVERYTHING -- AND HURTLE A BROKEN MUSKET WITH THE MAP HIDDEN IN ITS BARREL INTO A TREE!

LATER...

POW WOW! THERE WAS LOOT HIDDEN THERE! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I CAN'T EXPLAIN THAT! PERHAPS IT IS THE WORK OF THE GREAT MYSTERY! HOWEVER, THE RIDDLE OF FORT BRAVE IS SOLVED! LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE!

THE END

BUZZY ⁱⁿ "NATURE LOVES A NATURE-LOVER"

JUST A MINUTE, SUSIE... I WANT TO MAKE A FEW NOTES ON THIS BIRD.

THAT'S ALL I EVER HEAR SINCE YOU BECAME INTERESTED IN INSECTS AND ANIMALS.

DON'T LET THAT DRIP SPOIL YOUR PICNIC FUN, SUSIE! LET'S JOIN THE REST OF THE GANG.



LATER...

HEY, LOOK--BATS!

GET UNDER COVER, EVERYBODY!



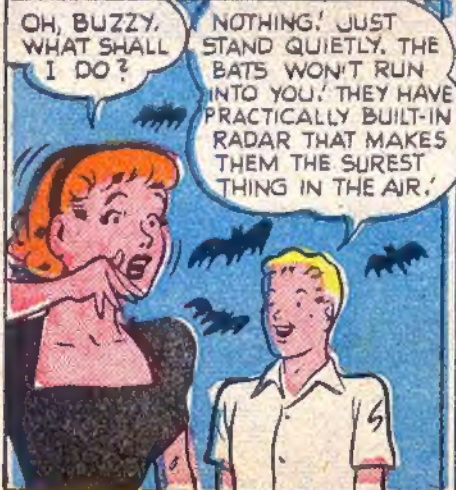
I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

GET 'EM AWAY FROM THE HOT-DOGS!



OH, BUZZY. WHAT SHALL I DO?

NOTHING! JUST STAND QUIETLY. THE BATS WON'T RUN INTO YOU! THEY HAVE PRACTICALLY BUILT-IN RADAR THAT MAKES THEM THE SUREST THING IN THE AIR!



THEY FEED OFF INSECTS THAT SWARM AROUND IN THE AIR AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT. THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR--NOT HOT-DOGS!

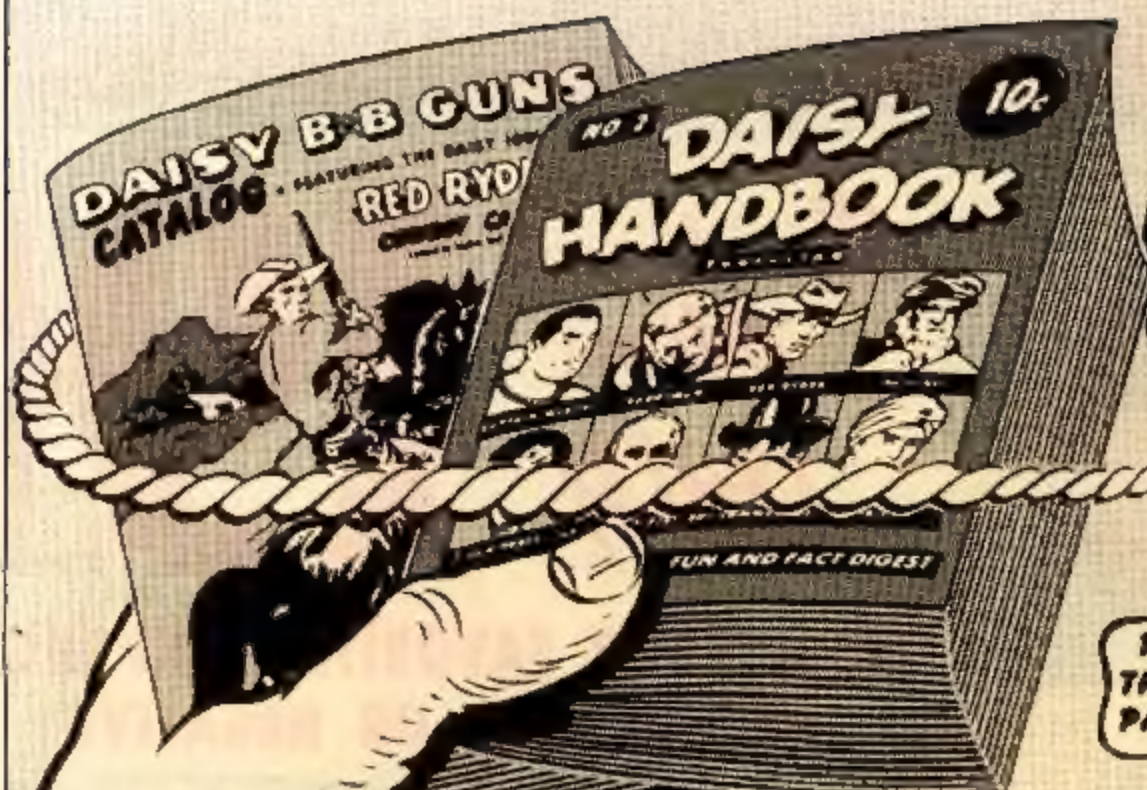
HA, HA! LOOK AT WOLFIE! WHO'S THE DRIP NOW?



IT'S FUN TO LEARN ABOUT NATURE, KIDS, AND USEFUL, TOO. SO MANY PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF INSECTS AND ANIMALS, BUT WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND THEM, YOU KNOW WHY THEY DO WHAT THEY DO, AND YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF THEM ANY MORE!



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